

To Geraldine

From Mary Louise Bowen

1927.

THE BEACON FOURTH READER

BY
JAMES H. FASSETT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
CHARLES COPELAND

GINN AND COMPANY
BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON
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The Athenæum Press
GINN AND COMPANY · PRO-
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PREFACE

The two essential factors in reading are, first, the ability to grasp written words and thoughts and, second, the enjoyment of good literature. As the pupil using the Beacon Readers progresses from book to book and learns the technique of reading, in which his work in phonics is a constant help, more and more attention must be paid to his taste in literature. The aim should be not to force the child to read what is best in prose and poetry but to cultivate his taste by leading him along pleasant upward paths.

This aim has mainly determined the selection of the material for the Beacon Fourth Reader and the succeeding readers. A glance at the table of contents will reveal the high standard of the literature selected by the editor, who is hopeful that the interesting subject matter of this reader will prove an efficient means for improving the literary standards of our school children. For the use of copyright material in this reader the editor takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Sandman," by Margaret Vandegrift, and for "Saluting the Flag," by Edward Everett Hale; and to Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Little Land," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

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LITTLE JACK

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Once upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Jack. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in a city whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody can speak it. He was seven years old, and he could not remember that he had ever seen his father or his mother.

The old aunt who had the care of little Jack was very poor. She could give him nothing but dry bread to eat, and of this there was never enough. The little fellow was often very sad; sometimes he hid himself where he could not be seen, and cried as if his heart would break.

The night before Christmas there was to be singing in the church, and the schoolmaster was to be there with all his boys; everybody expected to be happy, listening to the sweet music.

The winter had set in very cold and stormy, and there was much snow on the ground. All the other boys came to the church with fur caps drawn down over their ears, and heavy coats, and warm gloves, and thick high-topped boots.

But little Jack had no warm clothes. He came shivering in the thin coat which he wore on Sundays in summer; on his feet he had coarse stockings very much worn and a pair of heavy wooden shoes.

It was very pleasant in the church, and the air was so warm that Jack soon forgot the cold. The boys sat still for a little while, and then, while the organ was making loud music, they began in low voices to talk to one another, and each told about the fine things that were going to be done at his home on the morrow.

The mayor's son told of a huge goose that he had seen in the kitchen before he came away. It was stuffed, and

stuck all over with cloves till it was as spotted as a leopard. Another boy whispered of a little fir tree in a wooden box in his mother's parlor. Its branches were laden with fruits, and nuts, and candy, and beautiful toys.

Then the children talked of what Santa Claus would bring them and put in their stockings, for of course they meant to leave these by the fireplace when they went to bed. The eyes of the little fellows danced with joy as they thought of the bags of candy, the lead soldiers, and the grand jumping jacks which they would draw out in the morning.

But little Jack said nothing. He knew that his aunt had no money to buy him good food or a Christmas tree. But he felt in his heart that he had been all the year as good and kind as he could be, and so he hoped that Santa Claus would not forget him, nor fail to see his worn old stockings which he would hang at the corner of the mantelpiece.

At last the singing stopped, the organ was silent, and the Christmas music was ended. The boys arose and left the church, two by two, as they had entered it; and the teacher walked in front.

Now, as he passed through the door of the church, little Jack saw a child on one of the stone steps, lying fast asleep in the midst of the snow. The child was thinly clad, and his feet were bare.

The scholars, well clothed and warm, passed before the strange child and did not so much as glance that way. But little Jack, who was the last to come out of the church, stopped when he saw him, and looked at him with eyes full of pity.

"Ah, the poor child!" he said to himself. "How sad it is that he must go barefoot in such weather as this! And, what is still more, he has not even a worn-out stocking to hang up while he sleeps, so that kind Santa Claus can put something in it to make him glad when he awakes."

Little Jack did not stand long to think about it, but in the goodness of his heart he took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it by the side of the sleeping child. Then, limping along through the snow and shivering with cold, he went down the street till he came to his cheerless home.

His aunt was tired and miserable. "You worthless fellow!" she cried. "Where have you been? What have you done with your other shoe?"

Little Jack trembled now with fear as well as with the cold, but he had no thought of deceiving his aunt. He told her how he had given the shoe to a child that was poorer than himself. The woman was angry; she too was poor and cold.

"And so," she said, "our fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! He gives his wooden shoe to a



barefoot! Well, we shall see. You may put the other shoe in the chimney, but, mind what I say, if you find anything, it will be a switch to whip you with in the morning!"

In the morning when the old woman arose and went downstairs a wonderful sight met her eyes. The chimney place was crowded with beautiful toys and bags of candy and all kinds of pretty things. Right in the midst of these was the wooden shoe which Jack had given to the child, and near it was the stocking in which the aunt had meant to put a strong switch.

The woman was so much amazed that she cried out and stood still as if in a fright. Little Jack heard the cry and ran downstairs as quickly as he could to see what was the matter. He too stopped short when he saw all the beautiful things that were in the chimney place. But as he stood and looked he heard people laughing in the street. What did it all mean?

By the side of the town pump many of the neighbors were standing. Each was telling what had happened at his home that morning. The boys who had rich parents and who had been looking for beautiful gifts had found only long switches in their stockings.

Jack looked at his aunt and then at the wonderful gifts around the wooden shoe. Who had placed them there? Where now was the kind, good giver? His aunt looked and wondered, too.

Then, as they stood in silence, they heard the voice of some one reading in the little chapel over the way: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these —"

Ah! now they understood dimly how it had all come about; and even the heart of the tired old aunt was softened. Her eyes were filled with tears and little Jack's face beamed with smiles as they knelt down together and thanked God for what he had done to reward the kindness of a little child.

FAIRY DAYS

Beside the old hall fire,
Upon my mother's knee,
Of happy fairy days
What tales were told to me!

And many a quiet night,
In slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people
Would visit me in sleep.

On her ambling pony white,
With her golden robe and crown,
I've seen the fairy princess
Go riding up and down.

I've heard the ogre laugh,
As she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature,
Who wept and tore her hair.

But ever when it seemed
Her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail
Came prancing through the forest.

ELLIE AND THE UMBRELLA

PART I

Dame Ursula

Ellie

The afternoon is crisp and cool. Jets of thin bluish smoke curl from the chimneys, like long fingers, all pointing the same way — pointing to the fir-clad hill which rises beyond the town.

If we follow their direction we shall find ourselves on the steep path which crosses the top of the hill and, winding down the other side, runs close to the door of a small cottage, the cottage of Dame Ursula and her little Ellie; — a tiny place — so low and brown and so hidden among the mossy rocks that we might pass by without seeing it. In summer there are beehives, and the bees buzz cheerfully among the wild thyme; but now their music is frozen into winter silence.

And the porch, where Ellie sat at her spinning during the sweet warm days, is empty. Only the faint gray curl from the chimney tells of life within.

The door is on the latch. Let us push it open. A few sticks on the hearth, the clock ticking — that is all. No, one other sound — a sigh from the bed in the corner. It is Dame Ursula lying there alone. Poor woman! something very sad has happened.



She has always been so strong and active that she forgot she was no longer young, and climbed up a ladder to mend the thatch on her roof. And she fell, and twisted and bruised her back dreadfully. She cannot move or work; and here is Christmas at hand and all her plans for giving Ellie a treat are spoiled. No wonder she sighs.

We came in so softly that she did not hear us; but now the door is pushed open again, and she looks up. It is Ellie, all flushed and rosy, and dragging a great spruce bough, fresh from the forest. She claps her hands joyously as she cries, "See, grandmother, here is our Christmas tree!"

"Poor child, thou hast nothing to put on it."

"Ah! but that is not all," cries Ellie, again clapping her hands. "I've thought of a plan — such a plan, grandmother!"

"And what is that, my Ellie?"

"Thou knowest the silver thaler in the stocking we said should go for the candles and the plums for Christmas, my grandmother?"

"Yes, but I cannot go to town to buy them."

"But I can, grandmother; that is my good plan! I know the way so well, and the shop with the great fir tree in the window. And when I return we will light the candles and hang the raisins and filberts on the bough, and it will be so gay. Dear grandmother, *do* say I may go."

She looked so eager that the dame had not the heart to refuse her. She thought of the long distance and the lonely path; but she knew the little feet were light and active and the little head as wise as a woman's. So she kissed the bright cheek and answered:

"Yes, thou mayst go; but do not linger upon the road, lest night overtake thee. And take the umbrella with thee, dear. The winter days often cheat us with rain, and I would not have thee wet."

Now to be trusted with the umbrella was counted by Ellie a great honor. It had been her grandfather's, and

was very big and blue, with his name cut upon a horn shield on the handle. It was taller than she and not easy to carry; but she felt proud of it, as she mounted the hill, basket in hand, looking like Red Riding Hood and filled with happy thoughts.

The town was safely reached, the errands were done. Every one gave full measure to the bright-eyed little maid. Jan, the fruit merchant, even tucked a gift into her hand — a bright, rosy-cheeked apple.

The plums, the tapers, the bit of beef, the filberts, were all stored safely in the basket; but time had flown, and it was nearly six before the heavy-laden little messenger was ready to turn her steps toward home.

PART II

The pleasant day was changing into a wild, gusty evening. Little dull-red fragments of sunset were scudding over the sky, and a strong, chill wind piped through the mountain pass.

It blew Ellie along, and was of use in that way; but her fingers grew cold and stiff, and she could hardly hold the basket. At last she hung it on her arm. Just then a few heavy drops fell and, mindful of grandmother's order, she put up the umbrella.

Alas for Ellie! the umbrella took matters into its own hands at once. It pulled, it flapped, it tore along



with the wind, Ellie holding fast to the handle. It raced down the hill at full speed, as if bewitched, carrying her with it. First her cap blew off, then the ribbon that bound her hair. The long curls blew into her eyes.

Blinded, confused, but never letting go, she lost her breath, and was just beginning to cry, when, before she knew her danger, the umbrella finished by twisting her sharply to one side and over the edge of a low ravine full of trees.

She felt herself falling, felt the umbrella snatched from her grasp; and then she knew no more. All the world grew dark, and she lay as if asleep.

It was long before she woke. When she did, her head ached and her limbs felt heavy. She did not know where she was. Where were the basket and the umbrella? Gone, quite gone; and it was dark, and the wind blew loudly in the trees overhead. Was not that enough to make a little girl feel frightened?

Ellie sat up after a while, and then she saw a light twinkling from a little hollow just below. It was like a million of little tapers or a whole roomful of glow-worms, and she thought she would creep forward and find out what it was.

She did so. Such a wonderful sight she had never seen before. The hollow was lined with green and brown moss and soft yellow grasses. It was so light that she could see every blade and the little fiery points of the cup mosses.

The light came from torches, each about the size of a pin, worn in the caps of myriads of tiny fays, who were flying to and fro and chattering and clustering together like a swarm of bees.

But by far the greatest stir was going on about a mossy nook at a little distance, where sat three old men. Great pine torches were stuck into the trees above their heads, and showed them plainly.

One had a seat a little higher than the others, and was taller and more dignified. His face was sweet and solemn and looked at least a thousand years old. The other two were stout and furry, with snow-white beards, and faces pink and round like a schoolboy's.

Around them on the ground lay heaps and heaps of things, — clothes, books, sugarplums, rocking-horses, dolls, drums, whistles, great piles of coal, fat turkeys, smoking hot pies with savory crusts, — every kind of thing that you can think of! All these they were packing as hard as they could into large furry bags — bags very very wide and very very deep.

As soon as one was filled, two or three thousand fays would seize and drag it off to a place behind the bushes, from which came now and then the tinkling of bells and a sound as of animals stamping the ground. Ellie looked very hard, and thought she could just make out in the dim light a pair of branching horns above the thick bushes.

PART III

The old man held out his hand and with a look commanded silence.

"I know all, dear little one," he said. "I heard thy steps in the wood path and sent the elves to break thy fall. Thou art one of my children. I am Father Christmas."



"Oh, yes! dear Father Christmas, I know thee well," cried Ellie; and she kissed the hand so aged, yet so unwrinkled.

Father Christmas smiled, well pleased.

"And these are my sons," he went on. "This is Kris Kringle. He takes my gifts to all the beloved little ones of German land. Once, a long time ago, he used to carry toys across the sea; but it was far to go, and now my son Santa Claus takes that business off his hands. They are good boys, both of them, but they are young, quite young."

"Are they much younger than you?" asked Ellie.
"Are you very old, dear Father Christmas?"

"Going on two thousand," replied Father Christmas, with a laugh. "But I feel as young as ever. Hast thou not something in thy pack for this dear child, Kris Kringle?"

"Yes, indeed," cried the old "boy" at his side. "See, little one." And he held up a doll, a book of beautiful pictures, and a fat goose. "And these stockings are for thy grandmother," he went on, as he put them into his bag; "but neither she nor you must have them before the time comes. I shall leave them on my way back from town. Many, many people are waiting for me there."

"And for me," said Santa Claus, "they are getting ready even now in England. The stockings are hung up, and the children have begged to go early to bed that they may wake the sooner. I must be off. Yes, yes, I must be off at once."

"And have you done your work, my fays?" asked Father Christmas.

"We have painted the windows with pictures," answered some, "and they are all about Christmas — crosses, and evergreen boughs, and spires, so delicate and beautiful."

"Now, if people only were not so stupid! When they wake up to-morrow and see them, they will never guess

what is meant. There is a fir bough on your little windowpane," said one, nodding to Ellie.

"And I have been round and tucked up the children all over the world," said another, "and kissed the babies so that they shall sleep while their mammas trim the nursery."

"And I," said another, "have been to visit the crocuses, who are asleep in the cold ground. They roused a little and smiled when I told them what the season was. I promised if they would be patient and slumber yet awhile longer that I would return and awaken them in the spring."

"And I," cried an elf who seemed to brim over with frolic and mischief as a flower cup with dew, "I have been tickling the noses and pulling the wigs of the rich men who sent no turkeys to the poor."

"And I," said the fifth, "have been distributing the dreams: to the sad, sweet ones; to the sick, peaceful ones; bright and frolicsome ones to all the children. And to good boys and girls I gave the dream of Christmas." ❀

"And I have visited all the poor," whispered another, "and trimmed their dull fires, and put sugar in their cups, and above their doors a leaf of the plant called 'Hope.' Have I done well, O my Father?"

PART IV

"All have done well," said Father Christmas; "and now the clock strikes ten. We must be upon our journey. Harness the reindeer, my elves, and make all ready; but first this dear child must be safely set upon her homeward way."

Father Christmas gave his blessing; and, aided and helped by a million tiny fingers, Ellie found herself again on the top of the bank whence she had fallen, her basket on her arm, and the big umbrella in her hand.

Lightly she tripped down the path and rattled at the latch of the cottage. Poor Dame Ursula had passed a wretched evening listening to the rain and fearing all sorts of evils for Ellie. She had just fallen asleep when in danced Ellie and threw herself into her grandmother's arms.

"Oh, grandmother!" she cried, "I have such wonderful things to tell thee."

And her grandmother listened to the tale. Of only one thing she felt sure; she had her darling safe at home again. That was enough to complete her wishes. It was too late for the Christmas tree, but they had it the next day.

The first thing in the morning Ellie looked at the windowpane. Yes, there was the fir bough, drawn in lines

of silvery frost. And at noon came the pastor's wife. She bore in her arms a doll. Her little daughter had sent it, she said. There was a picture book too.

Ellie laughed with glee. She had seen both before. Later in the day their neighbor, the farmer's wife, made her appearance.

"I have brought you a goose, dame," she said. "I hope it is a good one. And these stockings are my own knitting. Don't be discouraged about your fall. It's a long lane that has no turning, you know, and soon you will be up again."

Ellie kissed the kind hand that brought these good things. In her heart she knew that they were not her gift only, but the gift of Christmas.

That evening the spruce bough twinkled with its tapers, and the raisins and nuts hung beneath them. Grandmother in her new stockings was raised a little in bed, that she might see the goose hissing in the pan.

Ellie crept away into the corner of the kitchen and patted the big umbrella with a loving hand.

"If you hadn't run away with me," she said, "I should never have seen it all."

SUSAN COOLIDGE

THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on children's eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till on your bed, his good night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he
goes through the town.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT



THE SQUIRREL AND HER LITTLE ONES

A boy was once going home from school through the woods.

It was very early in the springtime, and nothing green was to be seen save some moss on the edge of a little brook, which was running over the stones and talking to itself.

As the boy went whistling along, with his books, and a small dinner pail slung on a pole at his back, he saw by the new chips scattered about that the woodcutters had been at work there since morning.

Looking around, he saw a large white oak tree lying on the ground. Thinking to make himself a whip

out of the green twigs, he set down his books and pail and marched up to the tree.

He soon discovered a large knothole in the trunk; and, boylike, he must needs peep into it.

At first he saw nothing but a little hairy bunch; but presently something began to move, and he saw that he had found a squirrel's nest. Here was a treasure for a schoolboy!

There were four little baby squirrels, their eyes not yet opened, curled up together on a nice warm bed of moss, in the old oak tree. He took them out and put them into his tin pail, thinking to carry them home.

But the boy had a very kind heart under his jacket; and the kind heart began to say to him that when the mother of the squirrels came home, she would be in great distress to find her babies gone.

So he packed them all into the hole again, and hid himself in a bush that he might see what the old squirrel would do when she came back and found her house knocked down.

Before long he saw a gray squirrel running along the stone wall with a nut in her mouth. She leaped down the wall and over the ground as swift as a bird, for she was in a great hurry to see her children.

But when she came to the tree she dropped her nut and looked round in astonishment.

She went smelling all about; then she mounted the stump to take a survey of the country. There she stood a moment on her hind legs and snuffed the air with a look of distress.

But she would not leave the spot. Again and again she mounted the stump, stood erect, looked around keenly, and snuffed the air.

At last a lucky thought seemed to strike her. She ran along the trunk of the fallen tree, and found her hole. You may depend upon it there was great joy in the moss cradle.

She stayed a few minutes, long enough to give the little ones their supper, and then off she scampered on the stone wall again.

The boy followed in the direction she went, and hid himself where he could watch.

She came back shortly, took one of her young ones in her mouth, and set off at full speed to the knothole of another tree.

She came back again and again, almost as swift as the wind, and never stopped to take a moment's rest till she had carried the last of her little ones to their new home.

The boy followed her, being careful not to go near enough to frighten her, and he saw her climb and place each little one safely in the knothole.

Afterwards, when he went to drive the cows, he always went near that tree.

And when he saw the happy mother and her four little ones skipping among the green leaves or sitting upright on the boughs, he felt glad that he had not robbed the squirrel who had been so careful of her young.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

ASLEEP

The sun is gone down,
And the moon's in the sky;
But the sun will come up,
And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
But it is not dead;
When the morning shines,
It will lift its head.

When winter comes,
It will die?—no, no;
It will only hide
From the frost and the snow.

Sure is the summer,
Sure is the sun;
The night and the winter
Are shadows that run.

GEORGE MACDONALD



LITTLE GOAT

PART I

Farmer Roger had always been unlucky with his goats. He lost them all, and always in the same way. Some fine day they snapped their cords, and ran off into the hills, and there the wolf ate them. Nothing kept them at home — neither their master's kindness nor fear of the wolf. The self-willed creatures would have open air and freedom at any price.

Good Farmer Roger, who could not understand his animals' strange behavior, was amazed, and said: "It's no good; the goats are dull and miserable here; I shall never keep one of them."

However, he did not give up all hope, and after having lost six goats in the same way, he bought a seventh. But this time he was careful to get it when it was quite young, so that it might become used to living with him.

Ah! how pretty she was, this little goat of Farmer Roger's! How pretty, with her soft eyes and tufted beard, her shiny black feet, her curly horns, and the long white hair that covered her like a cloak! Besides, she was gentle and loving, allowed herself to be milked without moving, without kicking over the pail. A charming little goat!

Behind the house there was a field inclosed by a hawthorn hedge. That was where Farmer Roger put his new pet. He tied her to a stake in the greenest spot of the meadow, giving her plenty of rope, and coming from time to time to see that she was safe.

The goat felt very happy, and cropped the grass with so much relish that Farmer Roger was delighted.

"At last," thought the poor man, "here's a goat that won't feel dull and miserable."

But he was mistaken; the goat grew very tired of it all.

One day, as she looked up at the hills, she said to herself: "How delightful it must be up there! How pleasant to skip among the heather, without this wretched cord to scrape against one's neck! A field is all very well for an ox or an ass to browse in; goats want more space."

From that moment the grass in her field seemed tasteless. She was very unhappy. She grew thin, and she gave less and less milk. It was pitiful to see her straining all day long at her cord, her head turned toward the hills, her nostrils quivering, her mouth uttering a mournful "Baa!"

Then Farmer Roger saw too well that something was the matter, but he did not know what it was.

PART II

One morning, as he finished milking, the goat turned to him and said in her own tongue, "Listen, Farmer Roger, I am pining away in your field; let me go to the hills."

"Dear, dear, she's like the rest!" cried poor Farmer Roger in amazement, letting his pail fall with a crash. Then, sitting down on the grass beside the goat, he began, "What, little Whitecoat, you want to leave me?"

.. "Yes, master, please."

"Is n't there grass enough for you here?"

"Oh, it's not that, master."

"Perhaps you haven't room enough. Should you like a longer cord?"

"'Tis not worth the trouble, master."

"Then, what *do* you want? What *should* you like?"

"I want to go up into the hills, master."

"But, you silly thing, don't you know that the wolf is on the hillside? What will you do if he comes?"

"I will butt him with my horns, master."

"The wolf will laugh at you and your horns. He has eaten goats of mine with stronger horns than yours. There was poor old Nanny, I remember,—the goat I had last year,—a terrible goat, as strong and spiteful as a buck. Well, she fought with the wolf all one night—and in the morning the wolf ate her."

"Poor thing! poor Nanny! That makes no difference to me, master; let me go up into the hills."

"Mercy on me!" said Farmer Roger; "what in the world is it that comes over my goats? Here's one more for the wolf to eat. No, no; I will save you in spite of yourself, silly thing; and for fear you may break your cord, I'll shut you up in the stable, and there you shall always stay."

Thereupon Farmer Roger carried the goat to a gloomy stable, and shut and bolted the door. Unluckily he forgot one thing, and hardly had he turned his back when the goat skipped out the window and fled.

When Whitecoat arrived on the hillside, great was the excitement there. Never had the old fir trees seen anything so pretty. She was welcomed as a little queen. The chestnuts bent to the ground to caress her with the ends of their branches. The golden gorse opened to let her pass, and gave out its finest fragrance. The whole hillside made holiday for her.

How happy the little white goat was! There was no cord now, no stake, nothing to prevent her from skipping about and grazing where she pleased. And the grass! it grew higher than the tips of her horns.

And such grass!—scented and sweet and fine, very different stuff from the turf in the field. And the flowers!—tall blue hyacinths, purple foxgloves with their deep bells, a whole wilderness of flowers brimming over with refreshing juices.

PART III

Whitecoat rolled about with her legs in the air, stirring up the thick layers of leaves and twigs. Then with one bound she was on her feet again. Hey! There she was, romping away headlong through the thicket and brushwood, now on a hillock, now at the bottom of a ravine, up, down, everywhere! You would almost have thought there were ten white goats on the hillside.

She was quite fearless, was Whitecoat. She would spring at one bound across wide brooks that splashed her with spray as she passed. Then, all dripping, she would stretch herself on some flat rock and dry herself in the sunbeams.

Once, approaching the edge, with a laburnum blossom between her teeth, she looked over, and there, far, far below in the plain, was her master's house with the field behind. She laughed till the tears came.

"How small it is!" she said. "How could I ever have found room in it?"

Poor thing! Now that she was perched up so high she fancied that she was as big as the world itself.

Yes! that was a happy day for Farmer Roger's goat. Towards noon, running this way and that, she fell plump into the midst of a herd of chamois greedily cropping a wild vine. The white-coated little frisker caused quite a sensation. She was given the best place at the vine, and the big-horned animals were very attentive to her.

All at once the wind blew cold. A purple shade crept over the mountain. It was night.

"Already!" said the little goat, and she stood stock-still in great astonishment.

Below, the fields were covered with mist. Farmer Roger's field was disappearing in the haze, and nothing of the cottage could be seen except the red roof and

a wisp of smoke. Whitecoat heard the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep on the way home, and suddenly she felt miserable. A hawk, returning to his nest, brushed her with his wings. She shivered. Then came a howl across the mountain — "Hoo! hoo!"

She thought of the wolf; all day the foolish thing had forgotten him. At the same moment a horn sounded far down in the valley. Good Farmer Roger was making a last effort to call her home.

"Hoo! hoo!" howled the wolf.

"Come home! come home!" shrilled the horn.

Whitecoat half wished to go back; but when she remembered the stake and cord, and the hedge round the field, she thought that she could never again endure the life there and that it was best to stay where she was.

The echoes of the horn died away.

PART IV

Whitecoat heard behind her a rustle in the leaves. She turned, and in the dark saw two short ears standing straight up, with two glaring eyes between. It was the wolf!

Silent and still the huge creature sat there gloating upon the little white goat and already licking his lips. Knowing that he was going to eat her, he was in no hurry, but when she turned he began to grin wickedly.

"Ha! ha! Farmer Roger's little goat!" he said, and he passed his great red tongue over his velvety lips.

Whitecoat felt that she was lost. For a moment, recalling the story of old Nanny, who had fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she said to herself, "Perhaps I had better let myself be eaten at once." Then, on second thoughts, she stood on guard, with head lowered and horns stuck out, brave little goat that she was!

Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf. Goats do not kill wolves. But it was just to see if she could hold her own as long as Nanny.

Then the huge beast drew near, and the little horns came into play. Brave little goat! how hard she fought! Ten times she forced the wolf to draw back to recover his breath. During these minutes of truce the hungry goat hastily cropped a blade of the fine, scented grass, then returned to the fight with her mouth full.

So it went on, all night long. From time to time Farmer Roger's goat looked up at the stars twinkling in the clear sky, and said to herself: "Oh, if I can only hold out till dawn!"

One after another the stars went out. Whitecoat struck still harder with her horns; the wolf snapped still more fiercely with his teeth. A pale glow appeared on the horizon. The hoarse crow of a cock came from a distant farmyard below.



"At last!" said the poor creature. She had been waiting only for the daylight. Just then she heard a great shout. The wolf heard it, too. It was Farmer Roger, and he had a long gun in his hand. The little white goat stretched herself full length on the ground. Her fair white coat was all stained with blood, but she was safe.

ALPHONSE DAUDET (Adapted)



THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit,
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play —
To the fairy land afar,
Where the Little People are —
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain pools are the seas,
And the leaves, 'like little ships,
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree,
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by,
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit,
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass:
 And on high
See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass,
Till, as in a looking glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat,
Round the rain pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
 On the grassy coasts of it;
 Little things with lovely eyes
 See me sailing with surprise.
 Some are clad in armor green
 (These have sure to battle been!),
 Some are pied with every hue —
 Black and crimson, gold and blue;
 Some have wings, and swift are gone,
 But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
 Open, and see all things plain —
 High bare walls, great bare floor;
 Great big knobs on drawer and door;
 Great big people perched on chairs,
 Stitching tucks and mending tears,
 Each a hill that I could climb,
 And talking nonsense all the time —

O dear me! That I could be
 A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
 A climber in the clover tree,
 And just come back, a sleepyhead,
 Late at night, to go to bed.

R. L. STEVENSON

PINOCCHIO

PART I

marionette Pinocchio Antonio Geppetto

Once upon a time there was —

"A king?" shout my little readers.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine wood, but a simple piece of wood from the wood yard — the kind we put in the stoves and fireplaces so as to make a fire and heat the rooms.

I do not know how it happened, but one beautiful day a certain old woodcutter found a piece of this kind of wood in his shop. The name of the old man was Antonio, but everybody called him Master Cherry. They gave him this name because the point of his nose was always shiny and purplish, just like a ripe cherry.

As soon as Master Cherry saw that piece of wood he was filled with joy, and, rubbing his hands together, he said to himself: "This has come in very good time. I will make it into a table leg."

No sooner said than done. He quickly took a sharpened ax to raise the bark and shape the wood. He struck once, twice, but when he was on the point of striking the third time, he stopped with his arm in the air, because

he heard a tiny, thin little voice say, "Do not strike so hard!"

Just imagine how surprised good old Master Cherry was! He turned his eyes around the room in order to see whence that little voice came; but he saw no one. He looked under the bench, and no one was there; he looked in the basket of chips and shavings; he opened the door in order to glance around his house; still he could see no one. What then?

"Ah! I understand," he said, laughing and scratching his wig; "I imagined I heard that little voice. I will begin to work again."

He took up the ax and gave the piece of wood another hard blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the little voice, as if in pain.

This time Master Cherry was dumb. His eyes were nearly popping out of his head; his mouth was opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.

As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stammering from fright: "But where does that little voice come from that says 'Oh'? There is nothing alive in this room. Can it be that this piece of wood has learned to cry and scream like a baby? I cannot believe it. This is an ordinary piece of wood for the fireplace, like all other pieces with which we boil a pot of beans.



What next? What if there is some one hidden inside? If there is, so much the worse for him. I will settle him." And saying this, he seized with both hands the poor piece of wood and knocked it against the wall.

Then he stopped to listen. He waited two minutes, and heard nothing; five minutes, and nothing; ten minutes, and nothing.

"I understand," he said, forcing a laugh and rubbing his wig; "I imagined that I heard a voice cry 'Oh!' I will begin to work again."

This time Cherry took up a plane to make the wood even and clean; but while he planed he heard again the little voice, this time in a laughing tone, "Stop! you are taking the skin off my body."

This time poor Master Cherry fell down as if shot. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on the ground. His face was pale, and the end of his nose, which was always purple, became blue from great fear.

PART II

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the woodcutter, without having strength enough to rise.

Then a lively old man called Geppetto entered the room.

"Good morning, Master Antonio," said Geppetto. "What are you doing on the ground?"

"I am teaching the ants their A B C's. What has brought you here, brother Geppetto?"

"I have come to ask a favor of you, Master Antonio."

"Well, what can I do for you?" replied the woodcutter, raising himself on his knees.

"This morning I had an idea."

"Indeed! Let me hear it."

"I thought that I would make a pretty wooden marionette; I mean a wonderful marionette—one that can dance, walk, and jump. With this marionette I wish to travel through the world and earn for myself a little bread."

"In what way can I help you, brother Geppetto?"

"I should like a piece of wood to make a marionette. Will you give it to me?"

"I have here just the piece of wood for you," and Master Antonio gladly took up the piece of wood that had frightened him so. But when he was about to hand it to Geppetto, the wood gave a spring and, slipping from his hands, fell and struck the shins of poor Geppetto.

"You are very polite when you give presents, Master Antonio! You have nearly broken my leg."

"I swear to you that I did not do it."

"Surely it was you who threw the piece of wood at my legs."

"I did not throw it. The fault is all in this wood."

"Truly?"

"Truly!"

Upon that Geppetto took the piece of wood in his arms and, thanking Master Antonio, went home, limping all the way

PART III

As soon as Geppetto reached home he began to make a marionette. "What name shall I give him?" he said to himself. "I think I will call him Pinocchio. That name will bring with it good fortune. I have known a whole family called Pinocchio. Pinocchio was the father, Pinocchio was the mother, and the children were called little Pinocchios, and everybody lived well. It was a happy family."

When he had found the name for the marionette he began to work with a will. He quickly made the forehead, then the hair, and then the eyes. After he had made the eyes, just imagine how surprised he was to see them look around, and finally gaze at him fixedly! Geppetto, seeing himself looked at by two eyes of wood, said to them, "Why do you look at me so, eyes of wood?"

No response.

After he had made the eyes he made the nose; but the nose began to grow, and it grew, grew, grew, until it became a great big nose, and Geppetto thought it would never stop. He tried hard to stop it, but the more he cut at it the longer that impertinent nose became.

After the nose he made the mouth. The mouth was hardly finished when it began to sing and laugh. "Stop



laughing," said Geppetto, vexed; but it was like talking to the wall. "Stop laughing, I tell you," he said again in a loud tone. Then the features began to make up faces at him.

Geppetto pretended not to see this, and continued to work. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, then the shoulders, then the body, then the arms and hands.

Hardly had he finished the hands when Geppetto felt his wig pulled off. He turned quickly, and what do you think he saw?—his yellow wig in the hands of the marionette! "Pinocchio! give me back my wig immediately," said the old man. But Pinocchio, instead of giving back the wig, put it on his own head, making himself look half smothered.

At this Geppetto looked very sad, a thing he had never done before in all his life. Turning to Pinocchio, he said: "Bad little boy! You are not yet finished and already lack respect to your father. Bad, bad boy!" And he dried a tear.

There were now only the legs and feet to make. Scarcely were they finished when they began to kick poor Geppetto. "It is my fault," he said to himself; "I ought to have thought of this at first! Now it is too late!" Then he took the marionette in his arms and placed him on the ground to make him walk. Pinocchio behaved at first as if his legs were asleep and he could not move them. Geppetto led him around the room for some time, showing him how to put one foot in front of the other. When his legs were stretched Pinocchio began to walk and then to run around the room. When he saw the door open he jumped into the street and ran away.

Poor Geppetto ran as fast as he could, but he was not able to catch him; Pinocchio jumped like a rabbit. He



made a noise with his wooden feet on the hard road like twenty pair of little wooden shoes.

"Stop him! stop him!" cried Geppetto; but the people in the street, seeing the wooden marionette running as fast as a rabbit, stopped to look at it, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, so that it is really hard to describe how they enjoyed it all.

Finally, through good fortune, a soldier appeared, who, hearing all the noise, thought that some colt had escaped from its master. He planted himself in the middle of the road and, with a fixed look, determined to catch the runaway. Pinocchio, when he saw the soldier in the road, tried to pass between his legs, but he could not do it. The soldier, scarcely moving his body, seized the marionette by the nose (which was just the size to be seized by a soldier) and gave the boy into the hands of Geppetto, who tried to correct him by pulling his ears. But just imagine — when he searched for the ears, he could not find them! Do you know why? Because, in the haste of making Pinocchio, he had not finished carving them.

Taking him by the neck, Geppetto led him back, saying as he did so, "When we get home I must punish you."

Pinocchio, at this threat, threw himself on the ground and refused to walk farther. Meanwhile the curious people and the loungers began to stop and surround them. First one said something, then another. "Poor marionette!" said one of them, "he is right not to want to go back to his home. Who knows how hard Geppetto beats him?" And others added maliciously: "Geppetto appears to be a kind man, but he is a tyrant with boys. If he gets that poor marionette in his hands, he will break him in pieces."



Altogether they made so much noise that the soldier gave Pinocchio back his liberty, and took to prison, instead, the poor old man, who, not finding words at first with which to defend himself, wept bitterly, and on approaching the prison stammered out: "Wicked son! and to think I tried so hard to make a good marionette! I ought to have thought of all this at first."

What happened afterwards is a story so strange that you will hardly believe it. However, I will try to tell it to you.

PART IV

I will tell you then, children, that while poor old Geppetto was led to prison without having done any wrong, that rogue Pinocchio, being free, took to his heels and ran toward the fields in order more easily to reach his house. In his haste he jumped high mounds of earth, hedges of thorns, and ditches of water, just as rabbits and deer do when chased by hunters.

When he arrived before the house he found the door to the street half shut. He pushed it open, entered the room, and bolted the door. Then he threw himself down on the floor and heaved a great big sigh of happiness.

But his happiness did not last very long, for soon he heard some one crying in the room — "Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who is speaking to me?" said Pinocchio, frightened
"It is I."

Pinocchio turned around and saw a large cricket that was walking slowly up the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who are you?"

"I am the Talking Cricket, and I have lived in this room for more than a hundred years."

"To-day, however, this room is mine," said the marionette, "and if you wish to do me a favor, go away immediately, without even turning yourself around once."

"I will not go away from here," said the Cricket, "without telling you a great truth."

"Tell it to me and be gone."

"Woe to boys who rebel against their parents and who foolishly run away from their homes! They will never get along well in the world, and sooner or later will bitterly repent of their actions."

"Sing on, little Cricket, if it pleases you; but I know that to-morrow, at the dawn of day, I shall go away, because if I remain here, what happens to all other boys will happen to me. I shall have to go to school and be made to study; and I will tell you in confidence that I have no wish to study at all, and I propose to play and run after butterflies and climb trees and take the little birds out of their nests."

"Poor little stupid thing! Do you not know that in doing so you will become a donkey, and that everybody will make fun of you?"

"Be quiet, you dismal little Cricket!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, instead of becoming angry, continued in the same tone of voice: "And if it does not please you to go to school, why not at least learn a trade, so as to be able to earn honestly a piece of bread?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?" replied Pinocchio, who began to lose patience. "Because, among the trades of the world, there is only one that suits my genius."

"And what trade may that be?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing myself, and of living, from morning to night, an easy life."

"Those who live that way," said the Talking Cricket, with his usual calmness, "always end in the hospital or in prison."

"Take care, Cricket, take care! If you make me angry, I pity you."

"Poor Pinocchio! you make me pity you."

"Why do I make you pity me?"

"Because you are a marionette; and, what is worse, you have a wooden head."

At these words Pinocchio jumped up enraged, and taking a hammer from a bench, flung it at the Talking Cricket.

Perhaps he did not intend to do such a thing; but unfortunately the hammer struck the poor little Cricket on the head and killed him.



PART V

Meanwhile the night came on, and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing, felt a gnawing in his stomach that strongly resembled an appetite. Now the appetite of boys increases very quickly, and so after a few minutes the appetite became hunger, and the hunger finally became like that of a wolf.

Poor Pinocchio ran around the room and rummaged through all the drawers and boxes and all the hiding places in search of a piece of bread — only a little piece of dried bread, a crust, a bone for a dog, a little mush, a fishbone, a kernel of a cherry, in fact anything at all to eat; but he found absolutely nothing.

Pinocchio grew very, very hungry. The poor boy had no other relief than that of yawning, and he gaped with so much energy that the corners of his mouth touched his ears. Then he began to feel faint and dizzy. Weeping, he said: "The Talking Cricket was right. I have behaved badly in turning my back on my papa and running away. If my papa were only here now, I should not find myself dying of hunger. Oh, what a horrible feeling it is!"

Suddenly it appeared to him that he saw something on the top of a rubbish heap that looked very much like a hen's egg. It required but a second to jump to the spot, and there he really saw a nice big egg.

Oh, the joy of the marionette! Fearing that it might be a dream, he turned the egg around in his hands and touched it and kissed it, and, kissing it, said: "And now, how ought I to cook it? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is better to poach it; or would it not be more savory to scramble it? Or instead of cooking it I might drink it raw. No, the nicest way is to cook it in a saucepan."

No sooner said than done. He placed a saucepan above a heap of burning shavings. In the saucepan, instead of oil or butter, he put a little water. When the water began to smoke—*tac!*—he broke the shell of the egg and held it over the steaming saucepan. He was in the act of pouring out the egg, when instead of the yolk there appeared a little chicken, very lively and polite. It made a beautiful bow and said: "Many thanks, Mr. Pinocchio, for saving me the trouble of breaking my shell. Good-by! Kindly give my respects to your people."

Saying this, the little chick spread its wings and flew out of the open window and away so quickly that it was soon out of sight.

The poor marionette stood with his eyes fixed, with his mouth open, and with the eggshell in his hands. He soon came to himself, however, and began to weep and to scream. "Oh, yes! the Talking Cricket was right. If I had not run away, and if my papa were only here,

I should not find myself dying of hunger. Ah! what a horrible sickness hunger is!"

At length poor Pinocchio, weak from hunger and tired out, dropped into a chair, and resting his feet on the stove that was filled with burning shavings, he fell asleep.

He was awakened the next morning by some one knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I," replied a voice.

The voice was the voice of Geppetto.

C. COLLODI

FAIRY FOLK

The story-books have told you
 Of the fairy folk so nice,
 That make them leather aprons
 Of the ears of little mice;
 And wear the leaves of roses,
 Like a cap upon their heads,
 And sleep at night on thistledown,
 Instead of feather beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
 No doubt to your surprise,
 That the fairies ride in coaches
 That are drawn by butterflies;

And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

ALICE CARY



THE HISTORY OF TIP-TOP

Under the window of a certain pretty cottage there grew a great old apple tree, which in the spring had thousands and thousands of lovely pink blossoms on it, and in the autumn had many bright red apples.

In the nursery of this cottage lived five little children who used to come to the window every morning to be dressed and to have their hair brushed and curled.

A pair of robins had built a very pretty, smooth-lined nest directly under the window. The robins, at first, had been rather shy; but as they got better acquainted they seemed to think no more of the little curly heads in the window than of the pink blossoms about them or the daisies and buttercups at the foot of the tree.

When the little nest was finished the children called it "our nest," and the two robins they called "our birds." Wonderful was the joy when the little eyes opened one morning and saw in the nest a beautiful pale-green egg; and the joy grew from day to day, for every day there came another egg, and so on, till there were five little eggs.

After that the mother bird sat on the eggs for what seemed a long time. But one morning the children cried: "O mamma, do come here! The bird has gone and left her nest!" At that five little red mouths

opened wide, and then the children saw that the hairy bunch of stuff in the nest was five little birds.

"They are dreadful-looking things," said one of the children; "I didn't know that little birds began by looking so bad."

But after this it was great fun to watch the parent birds feed this nestful of little red mouths, until it became a nestful of little, fat, speckled robins.

Then, as there were five children, they each chose one bird for his own, naming them Brown Eyes, Tip-Top, Singer, Toddy, and Speckle.

Time went on, and as Brown Eyes, Tip-Top, Singer, Toddy, and Speckle grew bigger, they began to make a very crowded nestful of birds.

Tip-Top was the biggest and strongest bird, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others and clamoring for the most food. Speckle was a bird of spirit, and he used to peck at Tip-Top, while Brown Eyes was a meek, tender little fellow. Toddy and Singer were the greatest chatterers of the lot.

"I say," said Tip-Top one day, "this old nest is a dull, crowded hole, and it's quite time some of us were out of it."

"My dear boy," said Mother Robin, "we shall teach you to fly just as soon as your little wings are strong enough."

"Humbug!" cried Tip-Top, balancing with his short little tail on the edge of the nest. "Look at those swallows skimming and diving through the blue air! That's the way I want to do."

"My dear boy," said his mother, "do go back into the nest and be a good little bird, and I am sure you will be happy."

"I'm too big for the nest," said Tip-Top, "and I want to see the world. It's full of beautiful things, I know. Now, there's the most lovely creature with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day and wants me to come down in the grass and play with her."

"My son, my son, beware!" said the frightened mother; "that lovely creature is our dreadful enemy, the cat—a horrid monster, with teeth and claws and wicked green eyes."

At this all the little birds shuddered and cuddled deeper into the nest—all but Tip-Top, who *did n't believe it*.

So the next morning, after the father and mother were gone, Tip-Top got on the edge of the nest again and looked over and saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree; and her hair was smooth and white as the daisies, and her eyes were yellow and beautiful to behold, and she looked up to the tree and said: "Little birds, little birds, come down. Pussy wants to play with you."

"Only look at her!" said Tip-Top; "her eyes are like gold."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will eat you up; mother said so."

"I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-Top, again balancing his short tail over the edge of the nest. "Her paws are as white as velvet, and so soft! I don't believe she has any claws."

"Don't go, brother, don't!" screamed both sisters.

A moment after, a dreadful scream was heard from the nursery window. "O mamma, mamma, do come here! Tip-Top's fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him!"

Poor foolish Tip-Top!

But in another moment the children were in the yard, and Jamie plunged under a bush and caught the cat, with luckless Tip-Top in her mouth.

Tip-Top was not dead, but some of his pretty feathers were gone, and one of his wings was broken.

"Oh, what *shall* we do for him?" cried the children. "Poor Tip-Top!"

"We will put him back into the nest, children," said mamma. "His mother will know best what to do for him."

So a ladder was brought, and papa climbed up and put poor Tip-Top safely into the nest. The cat had shaken



all the nonsense well out of him, and he was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

And when the time came for all the other little birds to learn to fly, poor Tip-Top was still confined to the nest with his broken wing.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

There were, in very ancient times, two brothers, one of whom was rich and the other poor. Christmas was approaching, but the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner; so he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling gift.

The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But as Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts, he took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him begone and never to let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under his arm, and went his way. He had to pass through a great forest on his way home. When he had reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man, with a long white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said the poor man.

"Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself up from his work and looking at the poor man. "That is a fine ham you are carrying." On this the poor man told him all about it.

"It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you have met with me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under



the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it; for the dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any. But mind what I say: you must not sell it for money, but demand for it the old hand mill which stands behind the door. When you come back I'll show you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree, and by this door he entered into the land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set his foot in it than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted by the smell of the ham. They offered him queer, old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for the ham, but he refused all their tempting offers and said that he would sell it only for the old hand mill behind the door.

At this the dwarfs held up their little old hands and looked quite perplexed. "We cannot make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all a good day."

The fragrance of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of dwarf land. The dwarfs came flocking around in little troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

"Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers; "it is quite out of order, and he doesn't know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will have the ham."

So the bargain was made. The poor man took the old hand mill, which was a little thing, not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods. Here the old man showed him how to use it. All this had taken up a great deal of time indeed, and it was almost midnight before the poor man reached home.



"Where in the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge pot for our Christmas supper."

The house was dark and cold, but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen. He placed the little hand mill on the table and began to turn the

crank. First, out there came some grand, lighted wax candles, and a fire on the hearth, and a porridge pot boiling over it, because in his mind the poor man said they should come first. Then he ground out a tablecloth, and dishes, and spoons, and knives, and forks.

He was himself astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy and astonishment. Well, they had a capital supper; and after it was eaten they ground out of the mill every possible thing to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable. So they had a merry Christmas Eve and morning.

When the people went by the house to church the next day, they could hardly believe their eyes. There was glass in the window instead of a wooden shutter, and the poor man and his wife, dressed in nice new clothes, were seen devoutly kneeling in the church.

"There is something very strange in all this," said every one. "Something very strange, indeed," said the rich man, when three days afterwards he received an invitation from his once poor brother to a grand feast. And what a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all of silver or gold. The rich man could not, in his great house and with all his wealth, set out such a table. He could not understand his brother's good fortune.

"Where did you get all these things?" exclaimed the rich man. His brother told him all about the bargain he had made with the dwarfs, and putting the mill on the table, ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and bade his wife give them to the poor people that had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast the poor brother had made for the rich one.

The rich man was very envious of his brother's good fortune, and wanted to borrow the mill, intending—for he was not an honest man—never to return it again. His brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell or lend it to any one.

Some years went on, and at last the possessor of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing the west. Its windows, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. It became a noted landmark for sailors. Strangers from foreign parts often came to see this castle and the wonderful mill, of which the most extraordinary tales were told.

At length a great foreign merchant came; and when he had seen the mill he inquired whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned the mill he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell the mill, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children. So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant. The merchant, however, was determined to have the mill; he bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, and he stole the mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

He had scarcely got out to sea before he determined to set the mill to work. "Now, mill, grind salt," said he, "grind salt with all your might! Salt, salt, and nothing but salt!" The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship.

The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened. What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding; and at last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool where it sank. It soon went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea and keeps grinding out "salt, salt, and nothing but salt!" That is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

THE WIND

What way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
—But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
—Come now, we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be;
Here's a cosy warm house for Edward and me.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



THE TROUBLES OF A LAZY LITTLE BOY

PART I

Once upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly and with a long, sad face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit, to be gone several days. Before leaving they told him to cut up some branches of trees that were lying around the place and to put them in the wood bin in the cellar.

After his parents had gone the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood, and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairyland as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a bumble bee that had alighted on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number of my fellow bees and some ants. They are all hard workers,



and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but refrained in consideration of the bee's sting and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy. "What then?"

"Then," replied the bee, in a tone of authority, "you shall not be obliged to take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairyland you just spoke of. That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the bee.

The bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dewdrop.

"The leaves without dewdrops are the blanks," remarked the bee; "the bees and ants drawing those with dewdrops must serve on the jury."

Then the bee took all the leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as he did this he summoned a bat to come down and do the drawing, because the bat was blind and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

The bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The bee that was to be judge sat opposite, just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few hummingbirds and butterflies lingered around to hear

the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it; and the jury looked very much concerned, as if it had a solemn case to decide and wished to decide it conscientiously.

So, just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees, and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After the ants and bees had been in the hollyhock about a minute, they agreed on a verdict; and when they had returned to their seats they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish.

After judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fireplace. When the limbs were broken, the straight pieces rolled across the yard and down the cellar steps and over to the wood bin. The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs

on them joined twigs as people would join hands, and scampered gayly down the cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leapfrog on the way. In a very short time the wood had got itself into the bin and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door, but before he could take hold of it, it slammed itself shut, as if driven by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he should enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy him while watching him at play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed his shoestrings, which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and his clothes unbuttoned themselves; and after his nightgown had jumped over his head and fastened itself around his neck, the bedclothes turned down and then over him, up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

PART II

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down to build a fire—a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen the lids lifted themselves off the range, and the tongs ran across the room,

got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder in their clasp. The poker commenced poking, while the shovel cleaned the ashes out. This being done, a newspaper rolled itself up into a ball and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantelpiece and stood on its head on the hearthstone and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little skyrocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was waiting patiently to boil. And then the stove-pipes nudged each other with their elbows and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking-chair and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he was almost seasick. Away went the old chair all over the room, rocking as hard as it could; and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help, and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally, he made up his mind to jump out; but no sooner

had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking around the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird and frightened the dog into a hasty retreat.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he drew near this favorite toy, it started so fast down the walk that he could not overtake it. It then struck him that if he got on his stilts he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take long strides; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight; but just as he was about to take hold of them, they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could catch the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up and could not fly from him as the wagon and the stilts had done. So he climbed into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for fear the swing might change its motions and, instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction until it should finally wind itself entirely up around



the crossbeam and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing, but even as he formed this resolution the swing shot him into the air, just as the rocking-chair had done,

and he fell into a large rosebush, which tore his hands and face and clothing.

"I wish I could get a chance to do something myself, occasionally," moaned the lazy little boy.

"Oh, you do, do you?" buzzed the bumble bee, who overheard his remark. "Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you."

"But when I don't do my own work, everything goes wrong."

"You will generally find it that way in this world," remarked the bee. "Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do, and not for us to shirk."

"I do."

"Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?"

The little boy said he would take them just as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

"You know you will have to work?" said the bee.

"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The bee gave a loud buzz and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes, and scratch his own head in wonderment, and

that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
 Never stop for crying;
 All that's great and good is done
 Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
 Still their wings grow stronger;
 And the next time they can keep
 Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
 Many a blast that bowed her,
 She has risen again, and grown
 Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
 Who the more will prize you?
 Gaining victory from defeat,
 That's the test that tries you!

PHEBE CARY

HARRY'S RICHES

One day our little Harry was invited to spend the forenoon with his young playmate, Johnny Carroll. Johnny's mother had died when he was a baby, but his father was still living. Johnny was an only child; and he dwelt in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be met with in all the country round.

He had a great many toys, and a real watch that would go all day without stopping; and as for candies and cakes, the physician who attended the family said that Johnny had enough of such things given him to supply a whole regiment of little boys.

The doctor was apt to be funny, and liked to make droll speeches; but, for all that, he would often shake his head very gravely when he felt his little patient's pulse; then he would look sternly at the big gold watch which he held in his hand as he counted the pulse beats, and would mutter, "Too many good things are bad things for youngsters."

But Johnny was not always sick; and, as I said before, he had many beautiful things. So of course this visit promised Master Harry a world of enjoyment. But, alas! when the poor little fellow returned home in the afternoon, his brow was clouded, and he had a

dismal look in his blue eyes and the least bit of a pout on his cherry lips.

Something was wrong, I knew, and at last out it came.

"Mother, Johnny has money in both his pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, mother; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that makes it very pleasant for Johnny," I returned cheerfully, as a reply was evidently expected; "very pleasant. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, only —"

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up with a disconsolate stare.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, mother," and the telltale tears sprang to his eyes; "only I guess we're very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor; but we are not so rich as Mr. Carroll's family, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we're *very* poor; anyhow *I* am."

"Oh, Harry!" I exclaimed reproachfully.

"Yes, mother, I *am*," he sobbed; "I haven't anything at all, scarcely, — I mean anything that's worth

money, — except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them, anyway."

"*Have* to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table so that I might reason with the young gentleman on this point. "Do you not know, my son —"

Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading.

"Harry," said he, solemnly, "you know that I am a doctor, and if you will give me the chance to try a few little experiments, you can earn quite a handful of money."

"Can I?" asked Harry, looking up quickly through his tears. "I'd like that ever so much; but what is a 'speriment,' uncle?"

"An experiment," said his uncle, "is a trial, a way of finding out things. If you want to find out what will happen when sugar is put into water, you just try the experiment of putting a lump into this tumbler, so, and you'll find out that the sugar will melt and the water will become sweet.

"Now for business. I want to find out something about *eyes*; so, if you'll let me have yours, I'll give you a dollar apiece for them."

"For MY EYES!" exclaimed Harry, astonished almost out of his wits.

"Yes," resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I'll give you chloroform, so it cannot hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing to wear in their place. Come, my boy, a dollar apiece, cash down. What do you say? I'll take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought; "for two dollars? I think not!" and the startled little fellow shook his head defiantly.

"Well, five; ten; twenty dollars, then." But Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars. Why, what could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, waxing warm.

"I'll give you *two* thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," continued his uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing down something in his notebook; "I can't afford to give you more than two thousand dollars, Harry, so I shall have to do without the eyes; but," he added, "I'll tell you what I *will* do; I'll give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a

few drops out of this bottle into your ears. It won't hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments with deafness, you see. Come now, Harry, what do you say? Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me DEAF!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you won't do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a word if I were deaf, could I?"

"Probably not," replied Uncle Ben, dryly. So of course Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said—"no, not for three thousand dollars!"

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with prodigious bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," and so on, finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for mother and five thousand for the baby.

To all of these offers, however, Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing and exclamations of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly; and he folded his arms and looked as if he would say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

"Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peering into his notebook. "Here is a big addition sum; come, help me do it."

Harry looked into the book, and there, sure enough, were all the figures. Uncle Ben read the list aloud: "Eyes, two thousand dollars; ears, three thousand; right arm, two thousand five hundred"; and so on, the last two items on the list being ten thousand for mother and five thousand for the baby.

He added the numbers together, and they amounted in all to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to take up with some of my offers?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely.

"Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being *poor*, and by your own showing you have treasures that you'll not take thirty-two thousand dollars for. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know exactly what to say, so he laughed and blushed for a second, and just as a big happy tear came rolling down his cheek, he threw his arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich!"

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE FOX'S JOURNEY

The fox jumped up in a hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he had far to trot that night
Before he reached his den, O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared 't was hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest
 be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox, O!

He took the old black duck by the sleeve,
Says he, "Madam Duck, and by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And I'll take you to my den, O!"

He took the old black duck by the neck,
And swung her quite across his back;
The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack, quack!"
But the fox was off to his den, O!

Old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window popped her head;
"Oh, John, John, John! the black duck is dead!
And the fox is off to his den, O!"

John ran up to the top of the hill,
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox, "That is very pretty music, still
I'd rather be in my den, O!"

At last the fox got to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Says he, "By good luck, there's a good fat duck,
With its legs hanging dangling down, O!"

He sat down to dinner with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife;
They never ate a better black duck in their life,
And the little ones picked the bones, O!

Old English Poem



GRETCHEN AND THE MAGIC FIDDLE

Within the palace all was gloom and sadness. The good queen had been laid under a spell for a year and a day by a cruel, wicked wizard. And unless the spell was broken within the year and a day, the wicked, cruel wizard would carry her off when the time was up.

So the king sent heralds throughout the country to offer half his kingdom and his daughter's hand to the one who should break the spell. Of course everybody started off at once to hunt for a charm to save the queen; and all the witches and wizards and enchanters and wonder workers and magicians worked overtime trying to concoct something that would prove effective.

But all was useless; and after a while the people began to come back to their regular business and shake their heads and say they didn't believe any charm could be found.

Now on the edge of the forest lived a little girl named Gretchen and her blind brother Hans, in the tiniest of little houses, all by themselves. For they were very, very poor and quite alone in the world. All they had was the tiny house they lived in and one good cow. Little Gretchen made all the butter and cheese she could to sell, and took care of Hans, and kept the house clean and neat.

When the heralds came through the forest proclaiming the great reward offered for the charm, Gretchen wanted to set off directly. Yet how could she leave Hans? But when the people began to come back and shake their heads and say there was no charm, something whispered to her that there was one and that she could find it, and she made up her mind that she must go. So at last one day she took the cow to a good neighbor and told her that if she would take care of Hans till the end of the year and a day, she should have the cow. The good neighbor, who knew that it was a very valuable cow, was glad enough to do a kind deed so cheaply, and promised to take the best of care of Hans.

So Gretchen went home and swept and dusted and cleaned the little house and put it in order, and washed and brushed and polished Hans till you would scarcely have known him, although she always kept him neat and clean. Then she promised him that if he would be a good boy and not make any trouble for the good neighbor till she came back, he should have everything he ever wanted.

And then she took him to the good neighbor's and said good-by with tears in her eyes; for after all it was not very easy to set off all alone, even though she was quite sure she should succeed. But the good neighbor patted her on the head and put a big slice of bread

and butter into her hand, and Gretchen dried her tears and started off.

She followed the road through the dark forest, singing all the hymns she knew, to keep her heart up, and planning the things she would do when the reward for finding the charm was hers.

By and by she came to a place where the four roads met. Then she sat down on a stone to eat her bread and butter, for she had come a long way and was tired and hungry. But before she could take the first bite she heard a deep sigh behind her, and looking around she found she was not alone, as she had thought; for there, under a tree, sat a white-haired old man who gazed hungrily at her bread. "I am such a poor old man," he said, "and I have not had anything to eat for two whole days. Won't you give me a bite of your bread?"

Gretchen was very hungry, but she broke her bread in two and gave him half. They sat down together, and before the bread was all eaten, Gretchen had told him all about the poor queen and Hans and the reward for the charm.

The little old man opened the bag that hung at his belt and took out a ball of yellow yarn.

"I can't do much to help you," said he, "but if you follow this ball, it will lead you to where the charm is.



And when you have got the reward, just toss the ball up in the air and it will come back to me."

Gretchen thanked the little old man and, tying the end of the yarn to her finger, tossed the ball up in the air. It fell to the ground and began to roll along the road. Gretchen followed it, winding it into a new ball as she went.

Presently, as darkness fell, the ball began to glow as if it had a lamp inside it, but it never stopped a minute. All night long Gretchen followed it, winding as she went, and just as the sun rose, the ball rolled into a cave in the mountain side.

The cave was dark at first, but the shining ball rolled and rolled, and by and by a strange light began to glow ahead of them, and the ball came to a great sphere with a fire in the middle of it, and coiled around the fire was a dragon asleep!

Gretchen was dreadfully frightened, of course, but the ball rolled and rolled till it brought up, bump! against the dragon's nose and woke him. Then Gretchen picked the ball up and put it into her pocket.

The dragon had lifted his head and was looking at her, frowning horribly.

"Where did you get that ball?" he demanded in a rumbling voice.

Gretchen told him about the little old man in the woods who had given it to her, whereupon the dragon immediately stopped frowning and tried to look pleasant.

"H'm, yes," said he; "I know all about that old man. He's a great friend of mine. Sit down, my dear, and tell me what you want."

So Gretchen sat down and told him all about the queen, and the reward, and her blind brother Hans, and



how she meant to find the charm. "And please, Mr. Dragon," she said at the end, "have you the charm?"

"H'm, h'm, well now," said the dragon, "supposing I have; should you be willing to do a trifle of work in return for it, eh?"

"Oh," cried Gretchen; "you don't know how hard I will work!"

The dragon smiled as if he knew *just* how hard she would work if she got it. Dragons are not pretty things even when they are amiable.

"Well, now," said he, "I'll give you a trial at least. You see," explained he, "I had a fight with another dragon and I got myself pretty well clawed. I whipped him, of course, but he left his mark on my back and I have to get myself mended. And as I can't mend myself, I will have you do it for me." And he rolled over to show Gretchen a big place between his wings where the scales had been torn off, and Gretchen felt truly sorry for him.

"You see," said the dragon, "that as long as I haven't any scales there I am in constant danger. I made a lot of new scales, but I can't reach around to stick them on. I think you will find them in that box over there."

Gretchen opened the box, and sure enough, it was full of red and green scales, all shiny and new.

"You will have to stick them on for me," said the dragon; "and mind you, if you don't follow the pattern exactly, you just won't get any charm!"

Gretchen didn't lose a minute in useless talk, but before the dragon had finished his instructions she had a big pot of glue over the fire cooking, and was busily sorting the red and green scales into two separate heaps.

Then she climbed up on the dragon's back and began to glue the scales into place. It was trying work at first, for the dragon groaned and growled and grumbled till she was so scared that her hands shook and the scales *would* stick where they didn't belong. After a time, however, she got so used to his fussing that she didn't pay any attention to it at all. Then the work went on faster.

She didn't dare let him move till the scales were all dry, and to keep him quiet she told stories till her head swam. She sang all the songs she knew fifty times over, and then invented new ones. Besides, he wanted to be eating all the time. Gretchen would stick a scale in place, and while the glue hardened she would slide down and stir the porridge. Then she had to climb up on his back again and stick on another scale. It took a long, long time, and sometimes she thought she should never get it done before the year and a day was up. But she did finish in the end and had two scales left over.

The dragon went quite wild with delight when she finally let him go. He ran to the door of the cave and sprang straight up into the air, beating his powerful wings till the noise could be heard for miles.

Little Gretchen watched him till he disappeared in the distance, and then went back into the cave. She



sat down by the fire and went straight to sleep, for she was very, very tired.

When she woke up, the dragon was back in his old place, coiled around the fire, and in her lap she found the prettiest little magic fiddle you ever saw.

"There, my child," said the dragon, "all you have to do is to hold the fiddle and it will play itself. It is the most powerful charm there is, and if the queen once hears it, the spell will be broken."

"But you have four days yet," the dragon went on, "and I find I have grown very dingy and rusty staying idle in this dark cave. Now if you care to stay and polish me up, I'll give you such a cure for your brother Hans that he will be able to see better than anybody else in the kingdom!"

Gretchen was filled with joy at these words, and flew to find sand and soap. She fell to with a will and scoured that dragon till he shone all over like a new tin pan, and you couldn't tell where the patch on his back began or ended.

He was really quite handsome—for a dragon, I mean, of course—when she finished with him, and he strutted about as vain as any peacock. After he had admired himself for some time, Gretchen ventured to remind him of the cure for Hans's eyes.

"Ah, yes," said he, gazing fondly at the noble sweep of his tail. "Oh, yes, let me see! Oh, to be sure—the cure. I have two scales left, you know; you must bind them on his eyes, my dear—overnight, you know." Then he began to stretch first one wing and then the other, admiring their shining red and green surface.

Gretchen saw that it was quite hopeless to try to attract his attention, so she quietly laid the fiddle against her shoulder, put the two scales into her pocket, and took the ball of yellow yarn. It wriggled in her hands like a live thing as she tied the end to her finger, and the moment it touched the ground, it started off at such a rate that she had to run as fast as her legs could carry her to keep up with it. Up hill and down dale went the ball, till at last it came to the king's palace.

But the guard would not let Gretchen in. Everybody had given up hope of the charm's being found. "And anyway," the guard said, "what could this dusty, shabby little girl do with a battered fiddle? Be off with you now!" So Gretchen had to turn away with a heavy heart, but the ball rolled into the garden and stopped under the queen's window.

It was the very last day of the year and a day, and the whole country was draped in black. The queen lay in a trance from which nothing could waken her. The king and the court were so overcome with grief that nobody noticed when Gretchen began to play her fiddle under the window. But she had not been playing long before the queen breathed a deep sigh. Then she opened her eyes and sat up and smiled. Everybody raised a shout of joy at this, for they saw that the spell was broken. The reporters who had been awaiting the end hastened away to get out regular jubilee editions.

Gretchen was brought into the palace and had to tell all about her magic fiddle from the very beginning.

The king ordered the best room in the palace to be put in order for her and appointed ten maids to wait upon her. He sent the state coach to fetch poor little Hans to the palace, and had all the court physicians in attendance to bind the dragon's scales on his eyes in the latest approved hygienic and scientific manner.

The king also ordered a general feast of rejoicing all over the country, to last a week; and the very first ceremony was the crowning of Gretchen as queen of half the kingdom. She married the king's son, and before many years had gone by, Hans married the king's daughter. They all lived happily ever afterwards.

Gretchen tossed the ball into the air as soon as she was crowned, and saw it roll rapidly off in the direction of the crossroads where she had met the little old man of the woods. But she kept the magic fiddle, and used it so wisely that the cruel, wicked wizard had to leave the country because she broke his spells as fast as he wove them.

ANNE BROMLEY

NONSENSE VERSES

He thought he saw a Buffalo
 Upon the chimney piece:
 He looked again, and found it was
 His Sister's Husband's Niece.
 "Unless you leave this house," he said,
 "I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
 Descending from the bus:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Hippopotamus:
 "If this should stay to dine," he said,
 "There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
 That worked a coffee mill:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Vegetable Pill.
 "Were I to swallow this," he said,
 "I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach and Four
 That stood beside his bed:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A Bear without a Head.
 "Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
 It's waiting to be fed!"

LEWIS CARROLL



THE LITTLE MATCH BOY

One very cold day, not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel. A little boy with a thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came to them and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?"

"No, I don't want any," answered one of the gentlemen.

"But they are only a penny a box," pleaded the poor little fellow.

"Yes, but you see, we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said, at last.

"So, to get rid of him," said the gentleman who told the story to me, "I bought a box. Then, finding I had no change, I said to him, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.'

"'Oh, please buy them to-night,' the boy pleaded again, 'I will run and get you the change, for I am very hungry.'

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. I thought I had lost my shilling; still, there was something in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think ill of him.

"Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me. I found, when he was brought in, that it was a smaller brother of the boy who had taken my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor.

"He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman who bought the matches from Sandy?'

"'Yes.'

" ' Well, then, here are fourpence out of your shilling. Sandy cannot come; he's very sick. A cart ran over him and knocked him down. He lost his cap and matches and sevenpence of your money. Both his legs were broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and—that's all.'

" I fed the little fellow and then went with him to see Sandy. I found that the two children lived almost alone, for their father and mother were dead.

" Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I went in, and said, ' I got the change, sir, and was coming back, but the horse knocked me down, and both of my legs are broken. Oh, Reuby! Little Reuby! I'm sure I'm dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?'

" Then I took him by the hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me and had just strength enough to look up to me as if to thank me. Then the light went out of the blue eyes. In a moment

" He lay within the light of God,
 Like a babe upon the breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest."

That story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young.

Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be unkind to other boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, remember little Sandy.

This poor little boy, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, trusty, and true. So God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben and be a friend to him. Sandy heard him say he would do it—the last thing he ever did hear.

Then the dark room, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken limbs, all faded away, and Sandy was with the angels.

They could look at him in his new home and say one to another: "That is the little boy who kept his word and sent back fourpence. He was tender, trusty, and true when he was hungry and faint, when both his legs were broken, and he lay dying."

This story is told you now, because, whether you find it hard or easy, we want you to be tender and trusty and true as poor little Sandy was, who did not forget his promise and who loved his little brother to the end.

DEAN STANLEY

A LITTLE FAIRY

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her hand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things—
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish;

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glowworms shining in the shade;

And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS SCOLDED

I will tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I think of this story, it seems to me more and more charming, for it is with some stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

If you lived in Denmark you might, by going out into almost any country place, see a very old farmhouse such as I am about to describe. It has a thatched roof with mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch; and on the summit of the gable there is a stork's nest—for country people there cannot do without the stork. The roofs of the house are steep, while the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. An elder tree hangs over the wall, and beneath its branches is a pool of clear water in which a few black ducks are splashing about. There is a fat old yard dog, too, who waddles out on his short legs and barks at all comers.

In just such a house as this dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they had one thing which they could do without, and that was a horse, which lived on the grass it found by the side of the road. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed

it of him, and did some kindness in return for the loan. There came a time, however, when the old couple thought it would be best to sell the horse, or exchange it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know best, father," said the wife. "It is fair day to-day; so ride into town and get rid of the horse. Sell him for money, or make a good exchange; whatever you do will be right." And she fastened his neckerchief for him, as she could do that better than he could. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand and gave him a kiss; and he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the good man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all going to the fair, were riding or walking upon it. Among the rest a man who was driving a cow came trudging along. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I'm certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange—a cow for the horse. Hello there, you with the cow!" said he aloud. "Everybody knows that a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that. A cow

would be more useful to me; so, if you like, we will exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

As the matter was settled, the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined that he would not change his plans; and so on he went to the town with his cow. Soon he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant. "He would find plenty of grass beside the road, and in winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the highroad with his sheep. Soon after this he overtook a man who was carrying a large goose.

"What a heavy creature you have there!" said the peasant. "It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and it would look well tied to a string or paddling in the water at our place. My old woman could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If



we only had a goose!’ Now, here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I’ll give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain.”

The other made no objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became the owner of the goose.

By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the highroad became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path, close by the wall; and at the tollgate they even walked into the tollman's potato field, where one of his own hens was strutting about with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd and stray away. This hen had short tail feathers, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck!" As soon as our good man saw it, he thought: "That's the finest hen I ever saw in my life! Upon my word I should like to own it. A hen can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose." "Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the toll-taker kept the goose, and the peasant, well pleased with his bargain, carried off the hen.

Now our good man had done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and so he turned his steps toward the inn. He was just about to enter when the hostler came out. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs."

"Why, that will be a terrible waste! I should like to take them to my wife. Last year our old apple tree only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoiled. It was always property, my good wife said; and here she would see a whole sackful of property. Yes, I should like to show them to her."

"What will you give me for them?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? Well, I will give you my hen."

So he gave up the hen and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He put down the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he did not think of that. Many guests were present—horse dealers, cattle drovers, and two strange Englishmen; and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What could that be by the fire? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that noise?" asked one.

"I declare," said our peasant, "they are the rotten apples which I intended to carry home to my wife!" And then he told them the whole story of the horse



that he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it down to the apples.

"Well, your good wife will give it to you soundly when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Ah, but there will be a disturbance!"

"What? Give me what?" said the peasant. "Why, she will only give me a kiss and say that what I do is always right."

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight, against your rotten apples, that she'll give you a very different reception from that."

"No; a bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I have only a bushel of apples, and I'll throw myself and my good woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, you know."

"Done — taken!"

And so the bargain was made. Then a carriage was brought round to the door, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in, and away they went. It was not very long before they arrived at the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, good wife," said the peasant.

"Good evening, kind husband," she answered.

"I've disposed of the horse," said he.

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman. And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"How delightful!" said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk and butter and cheese upon the table!"

"Yes; but I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just enough pasture for a sheep. And only think of the woolen jackets

and stockings! The cow could not give us those, and her hairs only fall off. How you do think of everything!"

"But I made another exchange, and gave the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall really have roast goose to eat on Christmas. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she'll be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a hen."

"A hen! Well, that *was* a good exchange," replied the woman. "The hen will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a whole poultry yard! Oh, that's just what I have been wishing for."

"Yes; but I exchanged the hen for a sack of rotten apples."

"How very wise you are!" exclaimed the wife. "Do you know, as soon as you left me this morning, I began to think of what I could give you for supper this evening, and I decided that it should be eggs and bacon with sweet herbs. I had the eggs and bacon, but I wanted the herbs; so I went over to the schoolmaster's. I knew that they had plenty of herbs, but the schoolmaster's wife doesn't always like to lend.

although she can smile ever so sweetly. 'Lend!' she cried; 'I have nothing to lend. I could not even lend you a rotten apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend *her* twenty, or a whole sackful." And with that she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Well, I like all this," exclaimed both the Englishmen. "Always going downhill, and yet always merry. It's worth the money to see it."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant who, whatever he did, was never scolded.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree;
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? Don't you see?

Hush! Look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

But long it won't be,

Don't you know? Don't you see?

Unless we're as good as can be."

LUCY LARCOM

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

One night, a few days after James had left, I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly waked by the stable bell ringing very loudly. I heard the door of John's house open and his feet running up to the Hall.

He was back again in no time; he unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out: "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if ever you did"; and almost before I could think, he had put the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head; he just ran round for his coat and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand and I noticed that his hand shook.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life, that is, for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose; give this note to Doctor White; give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. The gardener who lived at the lodge had heard the bell ring and was ready with the gate open, and away we went, through the park and through the village and down the hill, till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud and thumped upon the door; the man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the doctor; here's the money," and off we went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground; I don't believe that even my old grandfather, who won the great race at Newmarket, could have gone any faster.

When we came to the bridge John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up and I was off again as fast as before.

The air was frosty, the moon was bright, it was very pleasant; we came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight miles' run we came to the town, through the streets and into the market place.

It was all quite still except the clatter of my feet on the stones—everybody was asleep. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Doctor White's door. John rang the bell twice and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up and Doctor White in his nightcap put his head out and said, "What do you want?"



"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to go at once; he thinks she will die if you cannot get there—here is a note."

"Wait," he said, "I will come."

He shut the window hurriedly and was soon at the outside door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up; my son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

"He has come at a hard gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here; but I think my master would not be against it if you think it would be right, sir."

"Very well," he said, "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck. I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John, "Black Beauty will go till he drops; take care of him, sir, if you can; I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No! no! John," said the doctor, "I hope not," and in a minute we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back; the doctor was a heavier man than John and not so good a rider; however, I did my very best. The man at the tollgate had it open.

When we came to the hill the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me on, and before long we were back in the park.

Joe was at the lodge gate and my master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word; the doctor then went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

I was glad to get home; my legs fairly shook under me, and I could only stand and pant and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, the water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over—as Joe used to say—like a pot on the fire.

Poor Joe! he was young and small, and as yet he knew very little, and his father, who would have helped him, had been sent to the next village; but I am sure he did the very best he could.

He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink; it was cold and very good and I drank it all; then he gave me some hay and some corn, and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble, and turned deadly cold; my legs ached, my loins ached, and my chest ached,

and I felt sore all over. Oh! how I wished for my warm, thick cloth as I stood and trembled. I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door; I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me; I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it all; he covered me up with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for some hot water; he made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again: "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too. Boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy, after all.

I was now very ill; a severe inflammation had attacked my lungs and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me faithfully, and he would even get up two or three times in the night to come to me; my master too came often to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life, Beauty! yes, you saved her life."

I was very glad to hear that; it seems the doctor had said if we had been a little longer it would have



been too late. John told my master that he had never seen a horse go so fast in his life; that it seemed as if I knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least, I knew as much as this—that John and I must go at the top of our speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

ANNA SEWELL



HELP ONE ANOTHER

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Lone enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, Oh! what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts,
The grains of sand to mountains,
The leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dewdrops fed the fountains.

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

There was once a little brownie, who lived — where do you think he lived? He lived in a coal cellar!

Now a coal cellar may seem a most curious place for one to live in from choice, but a brownie is a curious creature. He is a fairy, and yet not one of those fairies who fly about on wings and dance in the moonlight. He never dances, and of what use would wings be to him in a coal cellar?

He is a sober, stay-at-home elf. He is nothing much to look at, even if you should see him, which you are not likely to do. He is only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and hands, and a brown peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. And like a mouse he hides in corners and comes out only after dark, and so people sometimes call him "Mr. Nobody."

A good many persons had heard him, or supposed that they had, when there were strange noises about the house; but nobody had ever seen him except the children, the three little boys and the three little girls.

The children declared that he often came to play with them when they were alone, and that he was the nicest playmate in the world, though he was such an old man, hundreds of years old! He was full of fun and mischief

and up to all sorts of tricks, but he never did anybody any harm unless the person deserved it.

Brownie was supposed to live under a piece of coal in the darkest corner of the cellar. Why he had chosen it, nobody knew; and how he lived there, nobody knew, either, or what he lived upon, except that ever since the family could remember there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the cellar door for his supper. Perhaps he drank it, and perhaps he didn't. Anyhow, the bowl was always found empty the next morning.

The old cook had lived in the family all her life, and she had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper. But at last the old cook died, and a young woman was hired to take her place. The new cook was both careless and lazy, and disliked the trouble of putting a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody.

"I don't believe in brownies," she said. "I have never seen one, and seeing is believing!" So she laughed at the other servants, who put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could.

But once when Brownie woke up as usual at ten o'clock at night and looked round in search of his supper, he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect and went smelling and smelling about for his bowl of milk. It was not always placed

in the same corner now, but he could not find it anywhere.

"This will never do," said he. He was very hungry, and he began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were like a cat's and could see as well in the dark as in the light. But there was nothing but heaps of coal and coal dust; and even a brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"I can't stand this," said Brownie. "It is quite impossible!" Then he tightened his belt to make his poor little stomach feel less empty. He was so hungry that he seemed ready to eat his own head or his boots. "What's to be done?" said he. "Since no one brings my supper, I must go and get it."

There was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of the cellar door. To his surprise he found the door open. The old cook used to fasten it every night, but the young cook had left all the keys in the lock.

"Hurrah, here's luck!" cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air and bounding right into the kitchen. There was no one in the kitchen; but there was a good fire burning itself out, just for its own amusement, and spread on the table were the remains of a capital supper.

Brownie screwed up his little old face, and turned up his little button of a nose, and gave a long whistle.



"Whew!" said he. "What a supper I'll get now!" And he jumped on a chair and thence to the table, but so quietly that the large black cat with four white paws, which was dozing in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh! what a supper he did eat! He ate first one thing and then another, and then he tried everything all over again. He had to let out his belt several times, and at last he had to take it off. But after he had nearly cleared the table, he was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now there happened to be a clean white tablecloth on the table. The cook was very untidy, but this was only Monday and the cloth had had no time to get dirty. And you know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with coal dust. So wherever he trod he left black footmarks, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

But he did not mind this. In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible. Then laughing loudly, "Ho, ho, ho!" he leaped down on the hearth and began teasing the cat, by squeaking like a mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing like a fly. He disturbed poor Pussy's mind so much that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner of the kitchen and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then he heard a noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, and he jumped up on the table

again. He gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast, and scampered off to his coal cellar, where he hid himself under his big piece of coal and fell fast asleep for the day.

The cook came downstairs rather earlier than usual, for she remembered that she had to clear off the supper table. But lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear off! Every bit of food was eaten up. The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it and had nibbled it down to the very rind. The milk and the cider were all gone, and mice don't care for milk or cider, you know. The apple pudding was gone too, and the dish was licked as clean as if Boxer, the dog, had been at it.

"And my white tablecloth! oh, my clean white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried the cook. For the cloth was covered all over with little black footprints, just the size of a baby's foot.

But babies don't wear shoes with nails in them, and they don't run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

The cook was a little frightened, but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched comfortably on the warm hearth before the fire. Poor Muff had crept there for a tiny little nap after Brownie had gone away.

"You naughty cat," cried the cook. "I see it all now. It's you that have eaten up all the supper. It's you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

They were white paws, and as clean as possible, but the cook never thought of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't drink cider or eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way; take that, and *that*, and *THAT*!"

The cook got hold of a broom and beat poor Muff till she ran away mewling. Poor cat! She could not speak, you know, and tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

The next night the cook thought she would make all safe and sure. So instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed, leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out, there was no supper for him and the cellar was closely shut. He peered about to try to find some cranny under the door where he could creep out, but there was none, at least none large enough for a brownie to creep through.

He felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, which kept walking to and fro; only she was

alive, and he could n't well eat her alive. So he merely said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" Of course Pussy did not answer.

Something must be done, and luckily a brownie can do things that nobody else can do. So he thought he would change himself into a mouse and gnaw a hole through the door.

But then he suddenly remembered the cat! He had decided not to eat her, but she might eat him. So he thought it better to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while.

At last Pussy became tired of walking about, and so she turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Brownie at once changed himself into the smallest mouse possible; and taking care not to make the least noise, he gnawed a hole in the door and squeezed himself through. Then he turned into his proper shape again, for fear of accidents.

The kitchen fire was nearly out, but it showed even a better supper than last night; for the cook had had a brother and two cousins with her, and they had been very merry. The food they had left was enough for three brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all up.

Once he tried to cut a great slice of beef, but he let the carving knife and fork fall with such a clatter that



Tiny, the terrier, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark. But he brought her her puppy, which had been left in a corner of the kitchen, and so quieted her.

After that Brownie enjoyed himself greatly and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth. He

began jumping about, in order to make his large supper agree with him.

Then he teased the puppy for an hour or two, but when he heard the clock strike five he thought it well to turn into a mouse again and creep back into his cellar. He was in the nick of time, for Muff opened one eye and was just going to pounce upon him when he changed himself back into a brownie.

She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size and her eyes gleaming like round green globes.

But Brownie only said, "Ha, ha, ho!" and walked into his favorite corner in the coal cellar.

When the cook came downstairs and saw that the same thing had happened again, she was greatly puzzled. The supper was all eaten, and the tablecloth was blacker than ever with footmarks! Who could have done it all? Not the cat, who came mewling out of the coal cellar the minute she unlocked the door. Possibly a rat; but then, would a rat have come within reach of Tiny?

"It must have been Tiny or her puppy," said the cook. Just then the puppy came rolling out of its basket.

"You little wretch! You and your mother did it. I'll punish both of you!"

She quite forgot that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that the poor little puppy was so fat and

helpless that it could hardly stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on chairs and tables. She gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

"You ought to have beaten the brownie; that is, if you could have caught him," said the kitchen maid, in a whisper. "He'll do it again and again, you'll see, for he can't bear an untidy kitchen.

"You'd better do as the poor old cook did and clear the supper things away and put the odds and ends safely in the pantry. If I were you, I'd put a bowl of milk behind the coal-cellar door too."

"Nonsense!" said the young cook, and flounced away. But afterwards she thought better of it and did as she was advised. She grumbled, but she did it.

The next morning the milk was gone! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up; anyhow, nobody could say that he had n't. Nobody had touched the supper which the cook had laid away on the shelves of the pantry.

The tablecloth was as clean as ever, with not a single black footprint upon it.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is spring!

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

MARY HOWITT

THE COBBLER WHO BECAME AN ASTROLOGER

Many years ago there lived in a far eastern land a cobbler named Ahmed. Ahmed was a cheerful, industrious man, whose one ambition was to be the best cobbler in town. This he doubtless would have become in time, and so have lived a happy, peaceful life and died without our ever having heard of him, but for one thing. Ahmed fell in love with a very beautiful woman whom he wished to make his wife. Sittara, for this was the name of the fair lady, willingly promised to marry the cheerful cobbler, and for a time they were very happy.

But one evening, while walking, they met a lady richly dressed in silks and jewels and attended by many servants.

"Who is she?" asked Sittara.

"The wife of the chief astrologer," answered Ahmed.

For a while Sittara walked on in silence; then she said, "Ahmed, I want you to do something for me."

"That I will and gladly," answered Ahmed. "What do you wish?"

"I want you to stop cobbling. It is a poor, mean trade. You will never get rich at it. Give it up and become an astrologer."

"An astrologer! Are you mad, Sittara? How can a poor, ignorant cobbler become an astrologer? Why,

astrologers are the wisest men in the land!" cried Ahmed.

"Well," answered Sittara, "do not speak to me again. For I tell you I shall never marry a poor cobbler. I shall marry only a man who can give me silks and jewels and servants like those of the chief astrologer's wife."

Ahmed tried to reason with the proud woman, but she would not listen to him, and at last to please her the poor cobbler promised to turn astrologer.

Early the next morning Ahmed went to the market place. There he set up a little stall and stood calling: "I am the great astrologer! I read the stars! By them I can tell everything that has ever happened or ever will happen in the world."

His old friends gathered around his stall and laughed at him for thinking he was wise enough to be an astrologer. But Ahmed heeded them not, and continued to call: "Come to me! I am Ahmed, the great astrologer! I will tell you all you wish to know of the past or future!"

Now it happened that the king's jeweler passed through the market place. He was in great trouble that morning, for the largest ruby in the king's crown was lost; and well the poor jeweler knew that he would pay for it with his life as soon as the king discovered what had happened.

When he heard Ahmed's cries he said to himself: "Perhaps this fellow can help me. At any rate, it will do no harm to try him." So he walked up to Ahmed's stall and told him the whole story. Then he said: "If you find the king's ruby I will give you two hundred pieces of gold; but if you do not find it, I will do all in my power to have you put to death for pretending to be a great astrologer while you are nothing but a poor cobbler. You see I know you."

When Ahmed heard this he was speechless with fear. Then he thought of how Sittara had brought this trouble upon him, and he exclaimed aloud, "O woman, woman, what trouble thou hast wrought!"

The truth about the lost ruby was this: It had been stolen by the jeweler's own wife, who was a very wicked woman. By this theft she hoped both to enrich herself and to get the poor jeweler into trouble. She had confided the secret to one of her slaves, whom she had sent to follow and watch the jeweler in his search for the lost stone.

This slave was standing near when the jeweler spoke with the astrologer, and she heard the latter exclaim, "O woman, woman, what trouble thou hast wrought!" When the slave heard this she thought the astrologer knew all about the lost ruby and that he meant her mistress. So she ran home and told her mistress all that she had seen and heard.



The jeweler's wife was terrified. She lost no time in hurrying to the market place. Falling on her knees before Ahmed, she cried, "Great astrologer, spare my life; do not tell my husband what I have done and I will confess everything."

"Confess! confess to me! What have you to confess, woman?" asked the puzzled astrologer.

"Oh, you know very well that I stole the king's ruby! But, oh, promise me that you will keep my secret and I will return it!" cried the woman.

When Ahmed realized that the lost ruby was found, he wanted to shout for joy. But instead he drew himself up as tall as he could and looked down on the kneeling woman.

"You speak the truth, woman," he said. "I do, indeed, know what you have done. Now if you promise to obey me exactly, no harm shall come to you, and I will keep your secret. Go home! Hide the ruby under the pillow of your husband's couch. Place it on the side farthest from the door. But remember I can discover all secrets, and if you do not follow my directions exactly, woe be unto you!"

The frightened woman hastened to her home and did as the astrologer commanded, while Ahmed sent for the jeweler.

"My friend," he said, "by my wonderful powers I have discovered the lost ruby. Go home; lift the pillow from your couch and you will find the jewel lying on the side farthest from the door."

The jeweler was angry. "Miserable man," he cried, "you are mocking me! Many times since the ruby was

lost has the pillow of my couch been moved. It cannot be there!"

"Go and look," answered Ahmed. "If you fail to find the jewel, I place my life in your hands."

"Nobody can speak fairer than that," thought the jeweler, and he hurried to his home.

In a short time he returned. "Forgive me, mighty astrologer, for doubting your word," he cried. "You spoke truly. I found the ruby even as you said I would. My friend, accept the two hundred pieces of gold I promised you."

As soon as the jeweler departed, Ahmed lost no time in going to see Sittara. He told her the story of the lost ruby; then handing her the two hundred pieces of gold, he said: "Here, Sittara, is much gold. May it satisfy you, for never again will I risk my life as I did to-day. To-morrow I return to my old work of cobbling."

But do you think Sittara was satisfied? "Two hundred pieces of gold!" she cried. "That is a fine beginning—but it is only a beginning. Indeed, you shall not go back to cobbling! Don't be a coward! Keep at your work as astrologer."

Poor Ahmed tried to show her the great risk he ran, but she would not listen.

"The day you go back to cobbling," she cried, "you may give up all hope of ever winning me for your wife."

Finally Ahmed promised to try astrology a few days longer.

Next morning he appeared again in the market place and called as before to the passing crowds. But now no one laughed at him. They had heard the story of the lost ruby and all praised him. A lady who was passing heard the wonderful story.

"You are just the man I want to help me," she cried. "I have mislaid a necklace of beautiful diamonds. Find them for me and I will give you fifty pieces of gold."

Poor Ahmed! what could he do? He stood perfectly still, gazing at the woman. The people thought he was thinking deeply, and they watched him eagerly. As he looked at the woman, Ahmed saw that she had torn her dress in pressing through the crowd. He wished to tell her of her mishap quietly, so he whispered, "Lady, look down at the rent."

Immediately a smile spread over the woman's face. "Wait, I will be back in a few minutes," she said, and turned and hurried away. Soon she returned, carrying her diamond necklace and the fifty pieces of gold.

"Here's your money," she cried. "As soon as you spoke, I remembered I had hidden my necklace in a rent or crack near the bottom of the wall in my room. Thank you, wise man, for finding my jewels for me."

So the fame of Ahmed the astrologer spread through the land, but he was not happy. Sittara grew more and more greedy of gold, and poor Ahmed lived a most miserable life.

Now it chanced that forty chests of gold and jewels were stolen from the king's treasury. Diligent search was made for the thieves, but they could not be found. The chief astrologer had tried all his powers, but could discover nothing. At last the king, who had heard of the fame of Ahmed, sent for him.

"Who has stolen my gold and jewels?" asked the king.

Ahmed thought a moment, then he said, "O king, it was not one man, but forty, who carried off your treasure."

"Then," said the king, "since you know so much, you can doubtless tell me their names and what they have done with the forty chests. Tell me instantly, or it will be the worse for you!"

"No," answered Ahmed, making a brave effort to conceal his fright, "I cannot tell you now; but give me a few days, and I hope I shall be able to answer your questions and return your treasure." This Ahmed said in order to gain time.

"Very well," answered the king, "you shall have forty days in which to discover the thieves; if at the end of that time my treasure is not found, you shall die."

Poor Ahmed hurried at once to the home of Sittara. "See what trouble your greed has brought upon me!" he exclaimed.

"What is the matter now?" she asked.

Ahmed told her the whole story, and ended by saying: "Of course I cannot find the treasure, but to-morrow we will be married and fly from this place. You have now much gold."

But the selfish woman answered: "Indeed, you are mistaken; we shall not be married to-morrow, nor will you run from this place. You will stay here and discover the thieves."

"But, Sittara, I cannot," cried Ahmed. "Do you want me to stay and lose my life?"

"I would rather see you dead than marry you — a poor cobbler," answered Sittara. "And let me tell you something: should you try to escape I will, myself, tell the king and have you arrested and put to death."

At first Ahmed could not believe she spoke in earnest; and when he realized how truly selfish and cruel Sittara was, all his love for her died.

"Well," he said sadly, "I will stay. Here are forty dates. Every night I shall come to you, and you will give me one to put into this jar — thus will we number my days as they pass."

"Very well," said Sittara. "It shall be as you wish. I know, however, that you will discover the thieves before the forty dates are dropped into the jar."

Now it happened that Ahmed was right when he said that there were forty thieves who carried off the king's treasure. He said this because he thought: "A man could carry but one chest. Forty chests have been stolen, therefore forty men must have carried them away."

The robbers heard that Ahmed had told the king their exact number, and they were somewhat startled.

"But," said the chief, "perhaps he only made a lucky guess, and we are worrying ourselves needlessly. Still we will watch him. Every night he goes to see the handsome Sittara. One of us must go to-night and listen to all he says to her. In this way we may find out how much he knows."

That night one of the robbers reached Sittara's window just as she handed Ahmed the first date.

"Well," said Ahmed, as he dropped it into the jar, "there is one of the forty."

When the robber heard these words he was filled with fear. He ran to the others.

"Ahmed knows our secret," he cried. "The minute I arrived at the house, he said to Sittara, 'There is one of the forty.'"

The chief would not believe him, so the next night he sent two men at the same hour. They arrived just in time to hear Ahmed say, "Sittara, there are two of them to-night."

The frightened robbers ran to their friends and told them what they had heard. Still the chief would not believe them. Next night he sent three robbers; the night after, four, and so on—each night one robber more. As they always came to the house at the same time, they always heard Ahmed name the exact number. Only, of course, he always meant the dates, while they thought he was talking about them.

On the fortieth night the chief went with his men, and he was as startled as his men to hear Ahmed say, "The whole forty are here to-night."

They were now convinced that Ahmed knew all, so they decided to call on him and offer him a bribe to keep their secret. Early the next morning they knocked at his door. Poor Ahmed, thinking they were the soldiers come to take him prisoner, called out: "Yes, yes, I will open the door in a minute. I know what you have come for, and it is a wicked crime."

As soon as he opened the door the captain of the thieves said: "We know that you know why we have come. We also acknowledge that it was a wicked crime. But keep it a secret, and we will give you a thousand pieces of gold."

"Keep it a secret!" cried Ahmed. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall tell everybody how I have been treated."

"Oh, spare us! spare us!" cried the forty wretches, falling on their knees. "Spare our lives, and we will bring back the forty chests of gold and jewels."

Ahmed nearly fainted when he heard this, but he quickly recovered himself. So these were not the king's soldiers at all, as he had thought, but the thieves who had stolen the treasure! He might yet be able to save his life. He drew himself up haughtily before the cowering wretches.

"Miserable men," he said, "I will spare your lives if you do exactly as I bid you. Carry the forty chests to the south wall of the palace and bury them a foot deep. Remember if you do not obey every word of mine, I shall seek you out again and have you put to death."

The thieves left, glad to escape with their lives. They hastened to obey Ahmed's commands to the letter.

Ahmed dressed and was ready when the king's soldiers came to take him. On the way to the palace he asked the soldiers to allow him to stop and say good-by to Sittara. They readily granted his wish. He did not tell her his good news, for he wanted to see if she really cared for him. Do you think Sittara



wept when she saw Ahmed carried off by the soldiers? No, she bade him a very cold farewell, and he went away with the soldiers to the palace.

When Ahmed was brought before him, the king said, "Astrologer, have you discovered aught of my treasure?"

"Answer me a question, O king! Which would you rather have, your treasure or the thieves? The stars foretell that you can have but one."

"Then," said the king, "I choose the treasure."

"And if I restore to you your treasure, do you promise to pardon the thieves?"

"I do," said the king.

"Then come with me," said Ahmed.

He led the king and the soldiers to the south wall of the palace. "Dig down one foot into the earth," he said, "and you will find your treasure."

The men fell to work, and soon the forty chests of treasure were uncovered. Not a jewel was missing.

The king was delighted. "You shall be my chief astrologer," he cried. "And that you may live in a style suited to your high position, I shall have a palace built for you. I have always said that my only daughter should be married to the wisest man in the land. You are the wisest man, and you shall marry her."

So poor Ahmed the cobbler became the king's astrologer and lived in a grand palace with a beautiful princess for his wife. The princess was as good as she was beautiful, and not at all selfish or greedy like Sittara, and Ahmed grew to love her dearly. And nowhere in the land could you find a happier man than Ahmed.



A STORMY DAY

One day late in the autumn my master had a long journey to go on business. I was put into the dogcart, and John went with his master. I always liked to go in the dogcart, it was so light and the high wheels ran along so pleasantly.

There had been a great deal of rain, and now the wind was very high and blew the dry leaves across the road in a shower. We went along merrily till we came to the tollbar and the low wooden bridge.

The river banks were rather high, and the bridge, instead of rising, went across just level, so that in the middle, if the river was full, the water would be nearly up to the woodwork and planks; but as there were good strong rails on each side, people did not mind it.

The man at the gate said the river was rising fast and he feared it would be a bad night. Many of the meadows were under water, and in one low part of the road the water was halfway up to my knees; the bottom was good, however, and master drove gently, so it was no matter.

When we got to the town, of course I had a good meal; but as the master's business engaged him a long time, it was late in the afternoon before we started for home.

The wind was then much higher, and I heard the master say to John that he had never been out in such a storm; and so I thought, too, as we went along the skirts of a wood where the great branches were swaying about like twigs and the rushing sound was terrible.

"I wish we were well out of this wood," said my master.

"Yes, sir," said John, "it would be rather awkward if one of these branches came down upon us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a groan and a crack and a splitting sound; and tearing, crashing down amongst the other trees came an oak, torn up by the roots, and falling across the road just before us.

I will never say I was not frightened, for I was. I stood still, and I believe I trembled; of course I did not turn round or run away—I was not brought up to that. John jumped out and was at my head in a moment.

"That was a very near touch," said my master. "What's to be done now?"

"Well, sir, we can't drive over that tree nor yet get round it; there is nothing for it but to go back to the four crossways, and that will be a good six miles before we get round to the wooden bridge again; it will make us late, but the horse is fresh."

So back we went and round by the crossroads. By the time we got to the bridge it was nearly dark, and we could just see that the water was over the middle of it; but as that happened sometimes when the floods were out, master did not stop.

We were going along at a good pace, but the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge I felt sure

there was something wrong. I dared not go forward, and I made a dead stop.

"Go on, Beauty," said my master, and he gave me a touch with the whip, but I dared not stir; he gave me a sharp cut; I jumped, but I dared not go forward.

"There's something wrong, sir," said John, and he sprang out of the dogcart and came to my head and looked all about. He tried to lead me forward. "Come on, Beauty," he said; "what's the matter?" Of course I could not tell him, but I knew very well that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the man at the tollgate on the other side ran out of the house, waving a torch about like one mad.

"Hoy, hoy, hoy, halloo, stop!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" shouted my master.

"The bridge is broken in the middle and part of it is carried away; if you come on you'll be in the river."

"Thank God we are safe!" said my master.

"You Beauty!" said John, and took the bridle and gently turned me round to the right-hand road by the riverside.

The sun had set some time before, and the wind seemed to have lulled after the furious blast which had torn up the tree. It grew darker and darker, stiller and stiller. I trotted quietly along, the wheels hardly making a sound on the soft road.

For a good while neither my master nor John spoke, and then master began to talk in a serious voice. I could not understand much of what they said, but I found they thought that if I had gone on as the master wanted, the bridge would have given way under us, and horse, cart, master, and man would have fallen into the river; and as the current was flowing very strongly and there was no light and no help at hand, it was more than likely we should all have been drowned.

Master said that God had given men reason by which they could find out things for themselves, but that he had given animals knowledge, which did not depend on reason, and which was much more prompt and perfect in its way, and by which they had often saved the lives of men.

John had many stories to tell of dogs and horses and the wonderful things they had done; he thought people did not value their animals half enough nor make friends of them as they ought to do. I am sure *he* makes friends of them if ever a man did.

At last we came to the park gates and found the gardener looking out for us. He said that mistress had been in a dreadful way ever since dark, fearing some accident had happened, and that she had sent James off on Justice, the roan cob, toward the wooden bridge to make inquiry after us.

We saw a light at the Hall door and at the upper windows, and as we came up mistress ran out, saying: "Are you really safe, my dear? Oh! I have been so anxious, fancying all sorts of things. Have you had an accident?"

"No, my dear; but if your Black Beauty had not been wiser than we were, we should all have been carried down the river at the wooden bridge."

I heard no more, as they went into the house, and John took me to the stable. Oh! what a good supper he gave me that night—a good bran mash and some crushed beans with my oats, and such a thick bed of straw! and I was glad of it, for I was tired.

ANNA SEWELL



HOW POLITENESS WON

Charlie Leslie's father was a street-car conductor. Three days before Thanksgiving he had a bad attack of rheumatism and was too ill to work.

"What are we going to do, mother?" Charlie asked in a troubled tone. "It always has been hard for us to make both ends meet, and now there'll be no money at all coming in."

"Oh! we can manage for a little while," his mother answered. "I should n't worry a bit if I could only be sure your father would n't lose his position."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Charlie, remembering how very strict the company was.

"Well, let us hope for the best," his mother said, trying to speak cheerfully. "It is late, and you must go to bed."

But Charlie could not be content with hoping; he wanted to be doing. He lay awake and thought of several ways in which he could earn small sums of money. Just before midnight he suddenly started up. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he muttered, and then stole softly downstairs for the little alarm clock on the mantel. Two minutes after he had wound it and placed it on the chair near his pillow he was sound asleep.

When the alarm went off five hours later Charlie sprang out of bed before the whirring ceased. He found his mother already in the kitchen. She said that his father had been in great pain all night and had not slept at all.

"I'm going to take his place on the car if they'll let me," said Charlie.

Mrs. Leslie looked doubtful. "I'm afraid you are not old enough," she said.

"It won't do any harm to try."

"Oh, no!"

"It's vacation this week, too, and even if I had to stay out of school a month I could easily catch up by studying hard."

His mother said no more, but made haste to prepare a warm breakfast and put up a lunch for him. When Charlie was ready to start he went in to see his father and tell him what he intended doing. "Can I wear your cap and take your watch?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you want to!" groaned Mr. Leslie; "but it will be of no use; they don't want boys."

"We'll see," Charlie returned cheerfully. As he reached the car barn he saw a man coming and hurried to him.

"Are you Mr. Rawlins, the superintendent?" he asked breathlessly.

"No; he is away for a day or two; I am taking his place. Can I do anything for you?"

Charlie stated his business in a few words.

"Come into the office and let me have a look at you," said the man, unlocking the door as he spoke. When he had turned on the electric light he gave Charlie a keen glance.

"Well—I don't know," he said kindly. "You are pretty young. Are you sure you could do it all right?"

"I know I could," Charlie answered eagerly.

The man smiled. "Very well; try it for one day, and we'll see how you get along."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" and Charlie, who saw by the office clock that it lacked only three minutes of six, made a dash for his car. The motorman was already at his post.

"Hullo, Charlie," he called. "Thought I'd seen you. Father can't come, can he?"

"No; I'm going, instead."

"You! Well, I rather guess not, my boy!"

"But I've got permission from the man who's taking the superintendent's place."

"Well," said the motorman, dryly, "you were in luck not to see Rawlins himself. He'd never let you go."

"Don't you think I can do it?"

"Of course you can, but he'd never think so."

Then Charlie, who was standing on the rear platform, gravely rang the bell twice and the car moved slowly out of the barn.

Soon the car began to fill, and then Charlie was too busy to think much about his own affairs. He had often been with his father, and so knew exactly what to do. After a slight awkwardness at first in collecting the fares, he had no trouble.

It was six o'clock when he set out for home, but though tired and hungry, his courage was good. He had done his work faithfully, and the motorman had praised him. In the morning Mr. Trask, who was taking the place of the superintendent, said, "I'm told that Mr. Rawlins has a great objection to boys, but I hear good reports of you, and I am going to keep you till he comes back."

Thanksgiving morning came and showed no change, either in the weather or in his father's condition, and Charlie's heart was very heavy as he began his third day's work. Shortly before noon a portly man with a valise boarded the car by the front platform, which was against the company's rules, and took a seat near the forward end. He looked tired and cross, and the little girl with blue eyes opposite stared at him. He, however, looked straight before him over her head, and did

not appear to see her or anything else, till Charlie, close beside him, said pleasantly, "Your fare, please."

He turned quickly at this, and seeing Charlie's boyish face, he scowled at him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded roughly.

"Taking fares, sir," Charlie answered in a businesslike way.

The man was about to speak again, then checked himself and grimly paid his fare.

Charlie now gave his attention to the little girl, who was on the verge of tears because she had dropped one of her pennies.

"Don't cry, and I'll find it for you," said he; and falling on one knee, he poked carefully in the straw till he found the missing coin. "Now, where do you want to stop?" he asked.

"Maple Avenue," she whispered, for she was very shy; and when the place was reached, Charlie stopped the car and beckoned to her and lifted her gently to the crossing.

Soon after this an old lady was seen running toward the car. She was trying to carry several bundles and hold up an umbrella at the same time.

"Don't hurry, madam; there's plenty of time," called Charlie and helped her up the steps. "I'll keep this for you," he said, as he closed the umbrella; and when a



little further on she left the car, there was her umbrella opened and a strong young arm to help her down the steps.

Then there was a young lady who had put her fare inside her glove for safe-keeping, and when it was wanted, her fingers were so chilled she could n't unfasten the glove.

"Let me try it," proposed Charlie. The girl held out her hand, and in an instant the glove was unfastened, and with a laugh she shook a nickel into his palm.

Next a young man got off, leaving a bundle behind. Charlie saw it just as the car started, and picking it up, he hastened back to the platform. The young man had remembered and was running after the car.

"Toss it?" called Charlie, with one hand on the bell-cord.

"Yes, toss it!"

So Charlie tossed it, the young man caught it, and the car didn't have to be stopped.

But a few minutes later Charlie did ring, and as the car came to a standstill the door of a house opposite opened and a shabby old man came out.

"How did he know that man wanted to ride?" one passenger asked of another in a low voice.

"There was a woman inside at a window motioning to him," her companion answered.

The car was so crowded that for a minute it seemed as if the poor old man would have to stand. But Charlie whispered something to a boy near the door, and the boy sprang up and politely offered his seat.

A little after this they came to a turnout, where they had to wait for another car to come and pass.

Here the portly man with the valise took his leave. The motorman watched him out of sight, then walked round to the rear end of the car.

"Well, Charlie, this is your last trip," he said regretfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you notice the man who just got off?"

"Yes, I noticed him. He seemed to have a grudge against me, though I never saw him before. Every time I glanced his way he was eying me. What of him?"

"That's Mr. Rawlins, the superintendent," said the motorman, impressively.

Charlie turned pale. "The superintendent!" he repeated slowly. "Then I have lost my place."

"I'm very sorry for you," said his friend.

"I wonder if he will pay me for these three days," thought Charlie, when they were again on their way.

Delicious odors from other people's Thanksgiving dinners floated to Charlie as the car sped along, and he wondered if his mother had a turkey.

The long afternoon came to an end and Charlie had as yet received no word. "They're keeping it till morning," he thought. "I'll not say anything about it at home till then, either," he added. "Mother need n't have it to worry over until she's obliged to."

Jessie and Jamie, the younger children, were on the lookout for him, though it was so dark outside they could hardly see an inch beyond their noses, which were flattened against the pane. Charlie called to them as he came by, and they rushed to open the door for him.

"Mamma has saved the Thanksgiving dinner for supper, so you can have some," they cried. "Do hurry up!"

While he was taking off his coat his mother came out. Her face was shining.

"Father is better—ever so much better," she said. "If only he can rest and have nothing to worry him for a few weeks, his health will be the best it has been for years, the doctor says."

"Oh, dear," thought Charlie. "How can he rest or help worrying when the superintendent is so sure to turn us both off to-morrow!"

Later there was a knock, and a letter with a special-delivery stamp on it was handed in. It was addressed to "Master Charles Leslie." On one corner of the envelope was printed, "The Riverside Electric Company."

Charlie flushed and his fingers trembled as he opened it. He glanced at the end and saw Mr. Trask's name. Then he began at the beginning:

My dear boy,

Not to keep you in suspense, I am writing to you at once. Mr. Rawlins returned to-day. I have not seen him, as he

went at once to his home on the West Side. From there he telephoned me, asking who was the boy conductor on car Number 17 and how he happened to be there. I told him, and then came this order: "Let Charlie Leslie keep his father's place till his father gets well, and pay him full wages."

Charlie, with tears in his eyes, handed the letter to his mother.

Mrs. Leslie glanced over it and her face lighted up. "Oh! won't your father be pleased!" she exclaimed joyfully.

"What I can't see," said Charlie, who had been thoughtful and silent all through the Thanksgiving supper, "is why Mr. Rawlins changed his mind, for I'm certain that when he paid me his fare he meant to turn me off."

Although Charlie continued to puzzle over this question, I am sure it is not hard to find the right answer.

ANONYMOUS



RICO'S VIOLIN

PART I

Rico was nearly nine years old and had been to school two winters. There was no school in the mountains in the summer, for every one, including the teacher, was busy farming. Rico did not mind this, however, for he had his own way of passing the time. In the morning he would go out to the doorsteps, where he would remain watching the house opposite until a girl with laughing eyes beckoned him to come across. They always had much to say to each other of what had happened since they were together before. The girl's name was Stineli, and she and Rico were nearly the same age. They had always gone to school together, were in the same classes, and from the first had been the best of friends.

Stineli had a lovely face with merry light-brown eyes. Her fluffy golden hair was gathered into two heavy braids which hung loosely from her shoulders. She was not quite nine years old, but there were seven younger brothers and sisters. For these she had to do a great many things, so that she had little time to play. Calls for Stineli seemed to come from every direction, and she willingly helped wherever she could. The mother said that Stineli could put on three pairs

of stockings for the little ones while the younger sister was getting a child's foot in place for the first one.

There was some one else who added greatly to Stineli's pleasure. This was the aged grandmother, who made her home with the family. She noticed how much was expected of Stineli and often gave her bits of money to brighten a hard day's work. She was very fond of Rico and sometimes made it possible for Stineli to play with him by taking the household duties upon herself.

The grandmother often spent the summer evenings sitting in the front yard, and Stineli and Rico liked to sit with her and listen to the stories she told them. When the vesper bell rang she would say, "Remember, that is the signal for our evening worship." Then the three would devoutly repeat the Lord's Prayer.

It was May and the school was still in session, although it could not be kept open much longer, for the trees were beginning to show green tips and great stretches of ground were entirely free from snow. Rico was standing in the doorway waiting for Stineli, when the door across the way opened earlier than usual and she ran to him.

"Have you been waiting long? No doubt you've been building air castles at the same time. We shall not be late to-day, even if we walk slowly. Do you

ever think about that pretty lake any more?" asked Stineli, as they walked along.

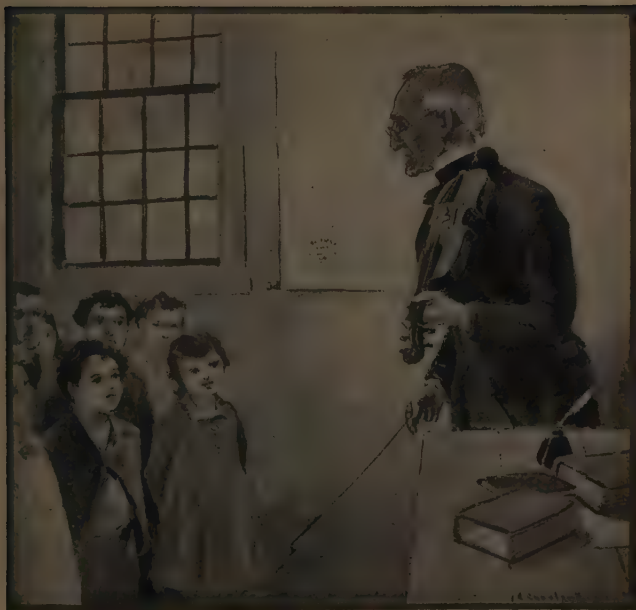
"Indeed I do," replied Rico; "I often dream of it, too, and I see large red flowers near the violet-colored hills I told you about."

"But dreams don't count," broke in Stineli. "I have dreamed that Peter climbed up the tallest tree, but when he got to the topmost branch I thought it was only a bird, and then he called to me to dress him. That proves how impossible dreams may be."

"This one of mine is possible," said Rico. "It makes me think of something that I have really seen, and I know that I have looked at those flowers and the hills. The picture is too real to be a dream only." As they neared the schoolhouse a company of children ran to meet them, and they all entered the schoolroom together.

In a few moments the teacher came. He was an old man, who had taught in this room many years, and his hair had grown thin and gray as the years passed by. This morning he began with a number of questions on the work they had done, and followed with the song "Little Lambs."

Rico was looking so closely at the teacher's fingering of the violin strings that he forgot to sing. The children, being used to depending upon Rico's voice, sang out of tune, and the notes from the violin became more



and more uncertain until all was in confusion. The song suddenly ended by the teacher's throwing the violin on the table in disgust. "What are you trying to sing, you foolish children?" he exclaimed. "If I only knew who gets so out of tune and spoils the whole song!"

A lad sitting next to Rico ventured to say, "I know why it went that way; it always does when Rico does n't sing."

"What is that I hear about you, Rico?" began the teacher, sharply. "You are a very obedient little fellow, but inattention is a serious fault, the result of which you have just seen. Let us try again. Now, Rico, see that you sing this time."

The children joined heartily, and Rico's voice carried the song to the end. Then the teacher gave the violin a few final strokes and laid it on the table. "A good instrument that!" he said, and rubbed his hands with evident pleasure.

PART II

After school Stineli and Rico found their way out of the mass of children and started for home.

"Were you dreaming about your lake when you forgot to sing this morning?" asked Stineli.

"No, something quite different," answered Rico. "I was watching the teacher, and I am sure that I could play 'Little Lambs' if I only had a violin."

The wish must have been a heartfelt one with Rico, for he said it with such a deep sigh that Stineli's sympathy was at once aroused, and she said: "We will buy one together. I have ever so many pennies that grandmother gave me—I think twelve in all. How many have you?"

"Not one," said Rico, sadly. "My father gave me some before he went away, but my aunt took them.

She said that I would only spend them, anyway. I know we can't get those."

"Maybe we have enough without them," said Stineli. "Grandmother will give me more soon, and it can't be, Rico, that a violin costs much. You know it is only a piece of old wood with four strings drawn across it. That ought not to cost a great deal. Ask the teacher to-morrow how much one costs, and then we will try to get one."

So the subject was left; but Stineli secretly resolved to get up early to build the fires, because grandmother would notice it and give her some more pennies.

The following day, after school, Stineli went out and stood at the corner of the building waiting for Rico. He was to ask the teacher about the violin. She waited so long that she wondered what could be keeping him, but finally he appeared.

"What did he say? How much does it cost?" inquired Stineli, eagerly.

"I did n't dare ask him," said Rico, in a sorrowful tone.

"Oh, what a shame!" she exclaimed; but noticing Rico's sadness, she added, "It does n't matter, Rico; you can ask him to-morrow." Then, in her cheerful way, she took his hand and they walked home without further mention of the subject.

Rico had no better success, however, on the second day nor on the third. He remained nearly half an hour

at the teacher's door, not finding the courage to ring the bell. The fourth evening Stineli said to herself, "If he doesn't ask the teacher to-night, I will." This time, however, as Rico was standing at the door, the teacher came out suddenly and noticed the boy's strange manner.

"What does this mean, Rico?" he asked in surprise. "Why do you come to a person's door without rapping? If you have no business here, why don't you go home? If you wish to tell me something, you may do so now."

"What does a violin cost?" asked Rico, timidly.

The teacher's surprise and mistrust increased.

"Rico," he said severely, "what am I to think of you? Have you come purposely to ask useless questions, or what is your idea? Will you tell me what object you have in asking me what you did?"

"I only wish to find out what a violin costs," said Rico, still trembling at his own boldness.

"You do not understand, Rico; now listen to what I say. One asks something for a reason, otherwise it would be a useless question. Now answer me truthfully, Rico. Did you ask me this because you really wanted to know yourself, or did some one who wishes to buy a violin send you?"

"I should like to buy one," said Rico, a little more bravely.

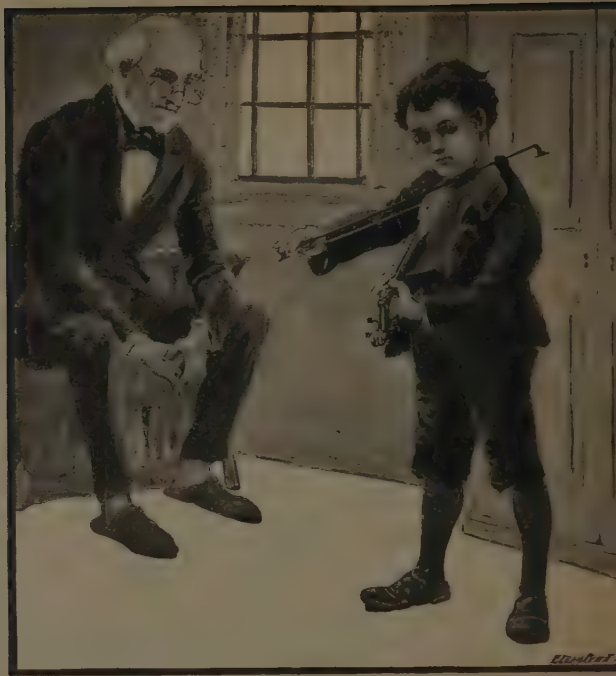
"What did you say?" cried the teacher. "Such a senseless boy — and an Italian, besides — to wish to buy a violin! You hardly know what a violin is. Can you imagine how old I was before I was able to buy one? I was twenty-two years old and ready to enter my life work as teacher. What a child, to think of buying a violin! Now, to show you how foolish you are, I will tell you the price of one. Six solid dollars is what I paid for mine. Can you grasp an idea of the amount? We will put it into pennies. If one dollar contains one hundred pennies, then six dollars would contain six times one hundred, which is — now, Rico, you are not dull at your studies; six times one hundred is —"

"Six hundred pennies," answered Rico, softly, for his voice nearly failed him as he compared Stineli's twelve pennies with this large sum.

"But further, Rico," continued the teacher, "do you suppose that one need only to buy a violin in order to play it? One has to do much more than that. Just step in and let me show you."

The teacher opened the door as he spoke and took down the violin from its place on the wall.

"There, take it on your arm and hold the bow in your hand; so, my boy. Now, if you can sound C, D, E, F, I will give you a half dollar right away."



Rico really had the violin on his arm! His flushed, as with sparkling eyes he played, firmly correctly, C, D, E, F.

"You little rascal!" exclaimed the teacher. "Who did you learn that? Who taught you so that you find the notes?"

"I know something else too if I might play it," Rico said timidly.

"Play it," ordered the teacher.

Rico played the song "Little Lambs" with the greatest confidence, his eyes speaking his pleasure.

The teacher had taken a chair and put on his spectacles. He had looked at Rico's fingers, moving with easy grace, then at his beaming face, and again at his fingers. The boy had played correctly.

"Come to me, Rico," said the teacher, as he moved his chair to the window and put Rico directly in front of him; "I want to talk a little with you. You see, your father is an Italian, Rico, and they do all sorts of things down there, they say, that we know nothing of up here in the hills. Now, look me in the eyes and tell me the truth. How is it that you are able to play this tune correctly on my violin?"

Rico looked steadily at the teacher and said frankly, "I learned it from you in school, where we sing it so often."

The teacher got up and paced the floor. This put the matter in an entirely different light. So he himself was the cause of this wonderful playing! All his suspicions were gone, and he good-naturedly took out his pocketbook.

"There is the half dollar, Rico; it belongs to you. You had better go now, but keep on being attentive to

the violin playing. It may be that you can make it amount to something, so that in twelve or fourteen years you can buy a violin for yourself. Good night, my boy."

Rico had looked longingly at the violin when he found that he must go, and he now laid it very tenderly on the table. He was turning over in his mind the last words of the teacher, when Stineli came running to meet him.

"How long it did take you!" she exclaimed. "Did you ask him?"

"Yes, but it is all of no use," said Rico, sadly. "A violin costs six hundred pennies; and in fourteen years, when everybody will probably be dead, he thought I could perhaps buy one. Who wants to live fourteen years from now? There, you may take that; I don't want it," and he put the shining half dollar into Stineli's hand.

"Six hundred pennies!" repeated Stineli, in surprise. "And how did you get this money?"

Rico told Stineli what had passed between him and the teacher, and again said, "It is of no use."

Stineli urged Rico to keep the money, but he would not take it again.

"Then I will keep it and put it away with the pennies, and it shall belong to us both," she said.

PART III

In the early days of September, when every one made an effort to stay out of doors for the last of the warm evenings, the teacher was forced to remain in the house, for he was growing weaker and coughed more and more. One morning, when he tried to rise as usual, he fell back upon his pillow, exhausted. This brought to his mind serious thoughts of how things would be left in case he died. He had lived among these mountain people all his life and loved both his home and his work, but he had no children, and his wife had been dead many years. The only one who lived with him was a faithful old servant. He had made no plans for disposing of his property. He loved his violin more than anything else, and it grieved him to realize that the time was at hand when he must leave it. He remembered the day that Rico had been there and had held it so lovingly, and the desire came to him to leave it with the boy so that it might always have the care it deserved.

A fever was taking firm hold upon him. All the evening and through the long night he lay restless, thinking of his past and the little he had done for the world. He was seized by a longing to do some one a real kindness before it was too late. He reached for his cane

and tapped the wall for his servant, whom he ordered to call the grandmother to him. It was not long before she stood by his bedside. Without waiting to greet her, he said: "Please be so kind as to take my violin from the wall and carry it to the little orphan, Rico. I want to give it to him. Tell him that I hope he will take good care of it."

The grandmother understood at once the wish of the old teacher, so she lifted the cherished violin from its place, saying: "That is truly good of you. How astonished he will be! I will come in later to see how you are feeling."

Rico was standing on the doorsteps when he saw the grandmother coming, and he ran to meet her.

"I have come with good news for you, Rico," she said. "The teacher has asked me to bring you this violin. He wishes to give it to you. Take it, Rico. It is your own now."

Rico seemed turned to stone. The grandmother touched his shoulder, repeating: "It is yours; take it, child, and be happy. The teacher wants you to have it."

Rico trembled as she laid the gift in his arms. "If that is true, I will take it," was all he could say.

"Now, Rico," said the grandmother, "I will go home, but I hope that you will not forget about the teacher's kindness, for he is very sick."

Rico went up to his room, where he could be alone with his treasure. Here he examined it carefully and played softly to his heart's content. So absorbed was he in his pleasure that he forgot to think of the time until it began to grow dark.

His aunt met him at the foot of the stairs, saying: "You may have something to eat to-morrow. You are so excited to-day that you deserve nothing."

Rico had not thought about supper. He said nothing to his aunt, but walked over to find the grandmother. Stineli was lighting the kitchen fire when he went in. Ever since she had heard the good news in the morning, she had been wishing that she had time to run over to tell Rico how glad she was. Now that he suddenly stood before her, she could contain herself no longer. She exclaimed over and over as she danced about: "It is yours, Rico! I am so glad! It is yours! It is yours!"

Before the rejoicing was over, Rico went up to the grandmother and said, "Grandmother, will it be right for me to go over to thank the teacher if he is sick?"

She thought a moment, because the old man had looked so ill that morning; then she said, "Yes; I will go with you."

She led the way to the sick man's room, Rico following closely with the precious violin, which had not been out of his arms since it had been given to him.

The teacher had become very weak since morning Rico stepped to the bed with such a happy, grateful face that he did not need to say a word. The sick man gave the boy a loving caress and then asked for the grandmother. Rico stepped aside, and she took his place. "Grandmother," said the teacher, faintly, "I have been feeling so troubled that I shall be glad if you will pray for me."

Just then the vesper bell rang. Rico bowed his head as the grandmother prayed by the bed. After a short silence she gently closed the eyes of her old friend, for he had died during prayer. Then taking Rico by the hand, she led him softly from the room.

JOHANNA SPYRI



SALUTING THE FLAG

When boys and girls salute the flag, they do not merely express their pride that it is a flag honored over the world. They ought to remember that the flag represents the country to which they owe duties in every hour of their lives. All the time they are receiving blessings from that country, and all the time they have duties to that country.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

HOW REYNARD DECEIVED THE KING

You will remember that Reynard the fox, after playing many sly tricks upon Bruin the bear, Tibert the cat, and Isegrim the wolf, was finally brought before King Lion to answer for his sins. After the trial, during which many of the animals spoke against him, he was condemned by the king to die.

Now in spite of his evil deeds there were many relatives and friends who mourned and lamented that Reynard must lose his life. They could not endure to see him hanged, so, taking leave of the king, they sorrowfully departed from the court. When the king noted the number of gallant gentlemen who departed sad and weeping, he said to himself, "It is right that we should hold good and wise counsel before the execution takes place, for it is evident that, though Reynard hath many faults, he also hath many friends."

As the king was thus thinking, the cat said to the bear: "Sir Bruin, and you, Sir Isegrim, why are you so slow? The darkness is about to fall, and there are many bushes and hedges near at hand. If Reynard escape us now, his cunning is so great that not all the art in the world will ever catch him again. Proceed then, at once, for before the gallows can be made it will be dark night."

At these words Isegrim said: "There is a gallows near at hand. We only need a halter to fit his neck, and we will soon dispatch him."

Reynard, who had been silent a great while, said: "I beseech you, shorten my pain; Sir Tibert hath a cord strong enough, in which he himself was nearly hanged at the farmer's house; besides, he can climb well and swiftly. Let him be my hangman, for it is not right that Isegrim or Bruin do this thing to their own nephew. Come, Bruin, go before and lead the way. Do you follow, Isegrim, and beware that I escape not."

"You say well," said Bruin, grimly, "and it is the best counsel I have ever heard you give."

So forth they went; and Isegrim and all his friends guarded the fox well, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body.

When the fox saw how closely he was watched he was secretly dismayed and said to Isegrim: "Why do you put yourself to all this trouble to injure me? Believe me, I would willingly ask your forgiveness, though I can see my pains are pleasant to you. As for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice. Death can come but once to me, and I wish it passed already, for to me it has no terror. I saw my father die and noticed how quickly the end came; therefore I am not in the least afraid."

Then Isegrim, who in spite of himself began to pity his kindred, said, "Let us go at once and get it over." So he on one side and Bruin on the other led the poor fox to the gallows, while Tibert ran before them with the rope.

When they came to the spot where the hanging was to take place, the king and queen and all the rest of the nobles took their places to see the fox die. Reynard, meantime, though full of fear, was turning over in his mind how he might escape the danger, throw disgrace upon his enemies, and thus draw the king to his own side.

While Reynard was busily planning, the wolf said: "Sir Bruin, remember your many injuries and guard him well; Tibert, climb yonder gallows and tie a running noose at the end of the rope, while I raise the ladder from which Reynard shall drop; for this day we shall all have our revenge."

When everything was ready the fox said: "Now may my heart be heavy, for death stands before me; I cannot escape. My lord the king and you, my queen, and you, my lords, stand to behold my death. I only make this one request, that before I hang I may unlock my heart before you and clear my soul of all my evil deeds, so that no one may be blamed after my death for that which I have done."



Every creature now took pity on the fox and said that so slight a request should be granted by the king at once. So the noble king nodded his head in assent, and the fox began thus: "Help me, Heaven, for I see no man here whom I have not offended; yet my thoughts were not always evil. In my youth I was as kind as any person living. I have played, indeed, with lambs

all day long and took delight in their pretty ways; yet at last, in my play, I bit one and the taste of his blood was so sweet that I could not resist the temptation and I slew the little creature. Afterward the passion grew upon me, and I slew little kids and also murdered hens and geese and other poultry; and thus my crimes increased, and a fury seemed to possess me so that all were devoured who came in my way.

"After this, in the wintertime, I met Isegrim as he lay hid in a hollow tree. He proved to me clearly that he was my uncle and suggested that we become friends and companions. This was the beginning of the worst of my evil doing, for there followed a flood of thefts and slaughters. He stole the great things, I stole the small things; in every action his part was always the greater. When he got a ram or a calf or a sheep, he would hardly allow me the horns for my share. Even when he had an ox or a cow to devour, after he and his seven children had been served, very little was left to me except the bare bones to pick on. This I speak of, not because I was poor, for it is well known that I have more plate and jewels and gold and silver than twenty carts are able to carry, but to show Isegrim's selfishness."

When the king heard Reynard speak of his great riches, consisting of gold and silver and jewels, he

became much interested, and, as the clever Reynard had planned, he wished to know more about the treasure, and said, "Reynard, where are these cartloads of jewels of which you speak?"

The fox answered, "My lord, although this wealth I speak of was stolen, yet I will tell you all; for had it not been stolen, it would indeed have cost your Highness his life."

When the queen heard this she started and said: "What dangers are these you speak of, Reynard? I command you to tell us the whole truth, so that nothing be concealed which concerns the life of my dear lord."

The fox, with a sorrowful and sad countenance, replied to the queen: "O my dear sovereign, I would much prefer to die at this present moment, but your request and the ease of my mind and my soul command me. I swear that nothing I am about to say departs even a hairbreadth from the truth. I swear it even at the risk of my life. It is true that the king would have been murdered without pity by his own people and, I must confess, by some of my dearest kindred. Their acts I would most willingly conceal were I not at this moment condemned to die."

The king was much perplexed and did not know which way to turn, but finally said, "Can this be true, Reynard, which you speak?"

The fox answered: "Alas, my king, you see how pitiful is my plight and how little life I have yet to run. Can your Majesty imagine that I would tell a lie under such conditions? What can the whole world avail me at such a time?"

At these words Reynard trembled and looked so pitifully at the queen that she had great compassion for him and at once besought the king, for the sake of his own safety, to take pity on the fox and to command all of his subjects to keep silence until Reynard had spoken the whole truth.

Finally the king yielded, and the fox went on in this manner: "Since it concerns the life of my sovereign lord, I will freely and boldly unfold this foul treason, and will not spare any guilty person, whether he be a relative of mine, or of noble birth, or high in authority.

"Know then, O king, that my father, by strange accident, when digging in the ground found the place where King Ermerick's treasure was hidden. It consisted of a mass of gold and jewels almost too large to measure.

"Upon its possession my father grew so proud and haughty that he held in scorn all the beasts of the wilderness, which before this had been his kinsmen and his friends. At length he became so swollen with pride that he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest of Arden to Bruin the bear and to promise him my father's help

in obtaining the crown and in bringing about your overthrow.

"Bruin received Tibert with pleasure, for he had long been ambitious and exceedingly jealous of you, O king, and at once came into Flanders where my father lived, and was received most nobly. Later the wise Grimbard, my nephew, was sent for, and Isegrim the wolf, and Tibert the cat. When the five had assembled they held a council through the whole of one night. They finally decided that your Majesty should be murdered at once and that the bear should be made king in your place.

"They then took a solemn oath in this manner: The bear, my father, the badger, and the cat placed their hands on Isegrim's crown and swore to make Bruin their king and to set the crown on his head. My father also promised to hire with his treasure those who would chase you and your friends entirely out of the forest.

"Now it happened that Grimbard told the horrible plot to Dame Slopecade his wife, and commanded her upon her life to keep secret the same; but she, forgetful of his words, confessed the wicked plan to my wife, under a like oath of secrecy. My wife in turn could hold the tale no longer than till she met me, when she disclosed full knowledge of the foul plot against your Majesty's life. My heart became like lead, cold and heavy in my bosom, at this treachery against your dear

Majesty's body. I saw clearly that to make Bruin our king was like the story of the frogs who asked Jupiter the powerful to give them a king who should rule and govern over them. Thereupon Jupiter sent them a stork which killed them and ate them, both day and night, so that through the tyranny of their new king they became the most miserable of creatures. This I feared might happen to us, for I knew the ambition of Bruin and that his tyranny was so great that should the government come into his hands (as Heaven forbid!) the whole kingdom would be destroyed. Besides, I know your Majesty is of such royal and such princely birth, so mighty and so gracious and so merciful, that it would have been horrible to see a ravenous bear sit on the throne of the royal lion.

"From this sorrow I began to cudgel my brains how I might undo my father's false and wicked plans, for I saw that as long as he held the treasure, there was a chance of taking the throne from your Majesty. This troubled me much, so that I schemed unceasingly as to how I might find out where my father's treasure was hidden. I watched and attended night and day in the woods, in the bushes, and in the open fields; indeed, in all places wherever my father cast his eyes, there was I ever watching and spying.

"Now it happened as I was laid down flat on the ground, I saw my father come running out of a hole,



and as soon as he had come out he looked cautiously about him to see if any one had got sight of him. Then, as the coast was clear, he stopped the hole with sand and made it so even and smooth and plain that no eye could see a difference between it and the other earth. Even where the print of his foot remained he carefully stroked it over with his tail, so that no one might perceive it, look he ever so closely. When he had thus finished, away he went towards the village.

"When my father had gone I cautiously approached the hole and quickly found the opening. Upon entering the cave I saw such an immense quantity of treasure that it is impossible to give you an idea of the amount. I took Ermeline my wife to help me, and we ceased not, day or night, with constant toil and labor to carry away this enormous treasure to another place, which was nearer our own home, where we hid it safe from the eyes of any creature.

"During the time my wife and I were carrying to safety the treasure, my father was consulting with the rest of the traitors about the death of the king. They decided that Isegrim the wolf should travel over all the kingdom and promise to all the beasts that would take wages and acknowledge Bruin for their king that they would receive a full year's pay beforehand. By this false promise many of your Majesty's subjects were led to support your enemy the bear. All of these things I found out through Ermeline my wife. But when the plan was thoroughly perfected, my father went to his cave of treasure. When he found it open and the treasure gone I cannot tell you the agony and sorrow he felt. Indeed, his grief turning to madness, he went to a near-by tree and hanged himself.

"Thus by my efforts alone was the treason of Bruin defeated. But through this act of mine came all my

misfortunes. The foul traitors Bruin and Isegrim, since they sit in high and great authority, hesitate not to tread upon me, poor Reynard, and work my disgrace."

Now the king and queen became filled with the desire to possess this great treasure of which Reynard spoke, and entreated him to tell where it lay hid; but the fox replied: "Shall I tell my enemies where this treasure lies, those who would take my life? Shall I repay them by filling their chests with wealth? No, I shall never disclose its hiding place."

Then the queen said, "Fear not, Reynard; the king shall save your life and grant your pardon if, from this time forth, you will swear faith and loyalty to his Majesty."

The fox answered, "Dearest madam, if the king out of his royal nature will believe me and forgive my evil deeds, I will make him the richest king that has ever lived."

But the king stopped the queen and said: "Madam, will you believe the fox? Do you not know it is as natural for him to lie and steal and deceive as it is to breathe?"

"My dear lord, do you not see how Reynard has changed? Why, he even refused to spare his own father, even Grimbard, his dearest nephew and kinsman. Had he been lying he might have laid this plan on other beasts and not on those he loved most."

"Well, madam," said the king, "this time I will allow you to rule me, and all the evil deeds of the fox I will pardon. Yet, if in the future he offend in the smallest crime, not only shall he but all his family be utterly routed out of my kingdom."

The fox looked sadly upon the king, but inwardly he was filled with a boundless joy. Then the king took a straw from the ground and pardoned the fox for all the evils which he or his father had ever committed. If the fox now began to smile it was no wonder, yet he fell down before the king and humbly thanked him for his mercy, and vowed that for this favor he would make him the richest king in the world.

Then taking the king apart, Reynard said: "My gracious lord, attend carefully to what I am about to say, for I will describe to you exactly where the treasure lies. On the west side of Flanders there stands a wood called Hustlero, near which runs a river called Creckenpit, which lies in a wilderness so vast and impassable that from one year's end to another no man approaches it. In this place I hid the treasure, and here your Majesty and the queen must go and search for it, as I dare trust no others in the secret. Know, therefore, that when your Highness comes to this place you will find two large birch trees growing at the mouth of the cave, which cave you shall enter and there find the treasure, which consists of coin,

rich jewels, and the golden crown which King Ermerick wore. With this Bruin the bear would have been crowned if his treason had succeeded. There you will see many rich, costly, and precious stones, which will remind you, I hope, of the great love your servant Reynard bore for you."

The king replied: "I have heard of Paris, London, New York, and Berlin, but Creckenpit I never heard of before. I fear, Master Fox, that you are deceiving me."

Reynard blushed at these words, but with a bold face he said: "Is your Majesty so doubtful of my truth? Nay, then, I would prove my words." With that he sent for Kyward the hare and ordered him to come before the king, and demanded, with all the love which he bore for the king and queen, that he answer truly such questions as he should ask him.

The hare answered, "I will speak the truth in all things even though I should die for it."

Then the fox said, "Know you such a place as Creckenpit?"

"Yes," said the hare, "I have known it for a dozen years or more. It stands in a wood called Hustlero, within a vast and wide wilderness. I know the place well, for I have endured much hunger and cold therein."

"Well," said the fox, "you have spoken well. Go back to your place again."

As the hare hopped away, the fox said: "My lord, O king, what say you now to my truthfulness? Do you believe my story or not?"

The king was ashamed of his distrust of the fox and said: "Reynard, I ask thee to excuse my hasty words. It was my ignorance which caused me to speak. I will not doubt thee further."

When this talk was finished, the king mounted his high throne and ordered silence among all his subjects. He then commanded each to take his place according to his birth or dignity in office, but the highest place of all was kept for the fox, who was allowed to seat himself between the king and the queen.

Then said the king: "Hear, all you noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, that Reynard is from this time forth one of the chief officers of my household. Although he may have done evil deeds in the past, he has this day proved his friendship for your king and queen; therefore we have freely pardoned all his sins and have taken him into our confidence. I command you that you fail not, from this day forward, to honor not only Reynard himself but also his wife and children."

Then Isegrim and Bruin, in spite of what the king had said, cried out against the fox with the most bitter and cruel words and in such an impudent manner that the king became very angry and caused the wolf



and the bear to be arrested upon the charge of high treason.

This was done at once, with violence and fury, and they were bound so fast that they could neither stir nor move from their prison cell.

Now Reynard, knowing in his heart his own evil deeds, was very anxious to be gone; and turning to the king, he said, "O king, I pray thee, your Majesty, that you allow me to return to my castle, for my wife and children have long awaited my coming."

The king said : " Sir Reynard, I am sorry that we must part so suddenly, but you must not go unattended. I would have my subjects show you proper honor for the favors you have conferred upon your king. Choose, then, from among my subjects as many as you please to accompany you on your homeward journey."

Reynard then turned toward Kayward the hare and Bellin the ram and said with a smiling face, " My best friends, I should be delighted to have you accompany me to my castle Malepardus ; for with you two I was never offended, and your words are full of wisdom, and your company is agreeable to me, since you are mild, loving, and courteous."

Pleased with this flattery, the hare and the ram were only too willing to accompany Reynard on his homeward journey. When they came to the door of Reynard's castle, the fox turned to Bellin and said, " Cousin, I would ask you to stay without for a little time, while Kayward and I enter and announce your coming to Madam Fox."

When the fox and the hare entered Malepardus they found Dame Ermeline lying on the ground with her children playing about her, and when she saw her dear husband returned safely, her heart overflowed with joy, and she said, " Dear husband, how have you fared and how did things go for you at the king's court?"

Reynard, having told the whole story to his dear wife, ended by saying that the king had bestowed Kayward upon him to do with him what he pleased. When Kayward heard these words he was filled with dread. He would have run away, but he could not; for the fox got between him and the gate, and at length, pouncing upon him, he bit the hare's head from his body, but not until Kayward had given forth one cry for help.

All this time Bellin the ram was at the gate, and at length he grew very angry both against the fox and the hare, that they had kept him without so long. Therefore he called in a loud voice for Reynard to come out, which Reynard at once did, and said: "Good Bellin, do not be offended, for Kayward is listening to a long story by Dame Ermeline, who, as you know, is his dearest aunt. He wished me to say that if you would start on your backward journey, he would soon overtake you, for he is light of foot and speedier than you."

"While I was standing here," answered Bellin, "I thought I heard Kayward cry for help."

"What! cry for help?" said Reynard. "Can you think he would receive any hurt in my house? I will tell you the reason. As soon as we came into the house and Ermeline my wife learned the danger that I had been in, she fell down in a swoon, and when Kayward saw her he cried out aloud: 'Oh, Bellin, help! My aunt, she is dying, she is dying!'"

"Oh," said the ram, "is that all. I mistook the cry; I thought the hare must be in some danger."

Then Reynard said, "Good Bellin, before you go I should like to send to the king two letters which I have made ready."

The ram answered, "I shall be glad to do any favor to either you or to his Majesty, but I have nothing in which to carry the letters."

"I will take care of that," said the fox. "I have a bag which you can easily hang about your neck, and I know that the king will be glad to see it, because it contains letters of great importance."

So the fox returned to his house and took the bag and placed within it the bloody head of Kayward the hare. He ordered the ram not to look within it, because it contained matters of the utmost importance; and if he should open it he would surely lose the king's favor.

Then the ram asked, "Is Kayward not yet ready to return with me?"

"By no means," said the fox. "Let him come after you, for I know his aunt will not yet part with him. Besides, I have another secret message which I wish to send by him to the king."

Bellin now took leave of the fox and went toward the court, at which he arrived before the king and his nobles had departed.

The king wondered when he saw the ram come in, and said, "From whence do you come, Bellin, and how does it happen that you have the fox's bag with you?"

Bellin answered: "My lord king, I attended the noble fox to his house, when he made the request that I carry certain letters of great importance to your Majesty. These letters are within the bag, which I now gladly turn over into your Majesty's hands."

The king ordered Tibert the cat to remove the bag from Bellin's neck and take out the letters. Tibert opened the bag and to the horror of all, held up the head of poor Kayward the hare. Turning to the king, Tibert said: "O king, what letters call you this? Believe it or not, my lord, there is nothing here but the head of poor murdered Kayward."

The king, seeing how he had been fooled by the crafty fox, shouted: "O that I had the villain here! How unwise I was to believe there could be any truth in the wicked fox!"

German Folk Tale



LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD!

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!

The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!

The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home

To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird, ladybird! fly away home!

And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck! and that's all I've to say!

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY

THE THREE BROTHERS

PART I

THE FIRST VISIT

In the mountains of Styria there was, in olden time, a very fertile valley. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, which were always covered with snow.

But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley.

Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its honey so sweet, that it was called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two older brothers, were very ugly men. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and they smothered the locusts, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees.

They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been odd if with such a farm and such a way of farming they didn't get very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally kept their corn until it was dear and then sold it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity.

The youngest brother, Gluck, was about twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with his brothers; or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the office of turnspit — when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for the brothers were hardly more generous to themselves than to other people.

He was made to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates — occasionally getting what was left upon them for his supper.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had just been made, when the haystacks were floated down to the sea by a flood. The vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn

was killed by a blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe.

As the valley had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away cursing the two brothers, who asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two older brothers went out with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to turn the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out.

Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned the meat until the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "that my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would dare to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again, very hard; and what was surprising, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry and not in the least afraid. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red; his eyes twinkled merrily through long eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew, on each side of his mouth, and his hair hung down over his shoulders.

He was about four feet six in height, and wore an enormous black coat, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind carried it out from his shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was terribly frightened at the appearance of his visitor, and looked at him without speaking a word. But the old gentleman, turning round to look after his flyaway cloak, caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, crossly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

By this time Gluck had held his head so long out of the window that he began to feel that it was really cold; and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire, his heart melted within him. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

So round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they would be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton is done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

The old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, "but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out."



"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest. He turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday or to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so sad a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised to give me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob as if it had suddenly become too warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again and ran to open the door.

PART II

THE SECOND VISIT

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay, what for, indeed?" said Hans, giving Gluck a blow on the ear and following his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken off his cap and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing to the two brothers.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.



"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but at that instant the old gentleman thrust out his cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water all over the room.

What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farthest end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" cried Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began, "and I saw your fire through the window and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making a drying-house of it."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out of doors, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay," said Hans; "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" asked Hans. "Out with you!"

"A little bit!" said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.



"Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off with you!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round until his cloak was wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on one side of his head, gave a twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and said: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. After the treatment which I have just received, you will not be surprised if that is the last visit I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang. At the same instant a cloud whirled past the window and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"Very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck," said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton! If I ever catch you at such a trick again—bless me! Why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir!"

Poor Gluck left the room without his supper. The brothers ate as much as they could and locked the rest in the cupboard.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain! The brothers put up all the shutters and double-barred the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room.

As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a shock that made the house tremble from top to bottom; the rain beat in, and the wind whistled through the room.

"Who's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an immense ball of foam, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which sat the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for his tall cap now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to trouble you," said their visitor, with a laugh. "I'm afraid your beds are rather damp; perhaps

you'd better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there, and his room is dry."

They needed no second advice, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through and in an agony of fear.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"I hope it may be!" said Schwartz, trembling; and the ball of foam disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and in the morning the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left nothing but a waste of red sand and gray mud.

The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had torn away the whole first floor; corn, money, almost everything had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: Southwest Wind, Esquire.



PART III

When Southwest Wind, Esquire, entered the Treasure Valley and destroyed the property of Gluck's cruel brothers, he vowed that it should be his last visit, and he was as good as his word.

As a result no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to the other, for the southwest wind blew the rain clouds. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the home of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand.

At last the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, determined to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans as they entered a large city. "It is a good trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything,

used to go out and spend money for their own pleasure, and leave little Gluck to mind the furnace.

So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck. He was fond of it, and would not have parted with it for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal. Moreover, these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable. The face was right in front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command everything. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without meeting an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes.

When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and went to the inn, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was

all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He walked to the window and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening breeze and escape the hot breath of the furnace.

Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially the peak from which fell the Golden River.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at the river for a while, "if it were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it would n't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up.

There was nobody to be seen. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did n't speak, but he could n't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck, again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then

began turning round and round as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking that there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft, running melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he had heard aright—it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room with his hands up and his mouth open for a minute or two, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hello!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hello, Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting

little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck could n't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately; "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug—all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping. He did this apparently with the idea of seeing if he were quite correctly put together.

In the meantime Gluck stood looking at him in speechless amazement.

He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that all the colors of the rainbow gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground.

When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he fixed his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him for a minute or two.

"No, it would n't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt manner of commencing conversation.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly indeed.

"No," said the dwarf; "no, it would n't." And with that he pulled his cap hard over his eyes, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full



height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

Whereupon he turned about and took two more turns some six feet long. After which he again walked up to Gluck.

"I hope your Majesty is very well," stammered Gluck.

"Listen," said the little man, without deigning to reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct to your

wicked brothers renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend carefully to what I am about to tell you!

"Whosoever with a pure and upright heart shall take a flask of water from yonder Golden River, and shall then climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of the water, for him and for him only the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing at first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one with an impure heart shall cast water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will instantly become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

PART IV

The King of the Golden River had hardly made this extraordinary exit before Schwartz and Hans came into the house. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate made them so angry that they beat Gluck until they were tired, and then dropped into a couple



of chairs and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, indeed, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and then went to bed.

In the morning, however, when he repeated the story, the two brothers began to believe him; and after wrangling a long time over the question as to which of them should try his fortune first, they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who at once sent for the constable.

Hans contrived to escape and hide himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate and thrown into prison till he could pay the fine.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the source of the Golden River.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, filled a stone flask with water from the Golden River, put some bread and meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless mountains, was now nearly in shadow, but on this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to travel, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on reaching their crest to find that a large glacier lay between him and the source of the Golden River.

The ice of the glacier was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water. It was cracked and broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, looked like ordinary forms. The ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms



at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path.

It was with a feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain. He had been compelled to throw away his basket of food when he was crossing the glacier, and had no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the foot, or the slightest shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path. Glance after glance Hans cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips when his eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, and its limbs extended lifelessly. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on.

The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ear; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank a part of the water in his flask, and passed on.

He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing



from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on.

At length the roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear, and he soon stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Drawing the flask from his girdle he hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning river gushed over

A BLACK STONE

PART V

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased and said that Hans must certainly have failed, and now he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz,



and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said that Gluck should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Very early the next morning, before the sun rose, Schwartz got up, took some bread and meat in a basket, put the water from the Golden River in a flask, and set off for the mountain.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier and had great difficulty in crossing it even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rocky path the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted the flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't enough for myself," and passed on.

When he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk, but at that moment he saw an old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour. Again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him. As he gazed, the figure stretched his arms to him and cried for water. "Ah, ah!" laughed Schwartz; "are you there, my boy? Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure.



At last Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River. The roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. Then the moaning river gushed over

PART VI

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money and was obliged to hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." Then Gluck put some bread and the bottle of water from the Golden River into his basket and set off very early for the mountain.

If the glacier had been hard for his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He rested a long time on the grass after he got over and at length began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he was thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of thy water!" Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he



gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the man drank a great deal and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty.

Then Gluck went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; so he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up and ran down the hill.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "No one can succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not bear it. "Confound the king and his gold too!" said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

Immediately the little dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened; it's all right"; for Gluck stopped amazed



at this unlooked-for reply to his last remark. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those brothers of yours for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf. "They were the most false-hearted men I ever had anything to do with. They deserved their fate, every bit of it."

Then the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. He shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!"

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The colors of his clothing grew faint, the mist rose into the air—the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small, circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because the river not only was not turned into gold but seemed even smaller than before; yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley.

As he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the

Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it and was flowing among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed over the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening.

Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the land which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door. His barns were full of corn and his house of treasure. For him the river had become a river of gold, according to the dwarf's promise.

JOHN RUSKIN (Adapted)

Ruskin does not say so, but there is a story that after many years the two brothers, Hans and Schwartz, repented of their evil deeds and the King of the Golden River, who was really very good-hearted, turned them back into their human forms again. You may be sure that Gluck was delighted and more than glad to share with them the rich lands of Treasure Valley.



THE BROOK

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE ROSE AND THE RING

CHAPTER I

HOW KING VALOROSO GOT THE CROWN AND PRINCE
GIGLIO WENT WITHOUT

In the country of Paflagonia, ten or twenty thousand years ago, there lived a king who had a son named Giglio. Now when the king died he left his brother Valoroso to take charge of the kingdom until Giglio should become old enough to be king. The unfaithful brother, however, at once took the crown for himself. He was proclaimed king of Paflagonia under the title of King Valoroso. Then he ordered all the nobles to take off their hats and pay him homage.

Now the nobles did not care who was king so long as there were plenty of balls at court and plenty of money. As for the people it made no difference to them at all. Prince Giglio, being only a baby when his royal father died, did not feel the loss of his crown and kingdom. So long as he had plenty of toys and sweetmeats, a holiday five times a week, a horse and gun to go out shooting with when he grew a little older, poor Giglio was perfectly contented. In fact he did not care about anything so long as he was allowed to play with his darling cousin, the Princess Angelica.

This cousin, the Princess Angelica, was the only child of the king and queen, and you may be sure she was considered a perfect model of all a child should be. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot, and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in Paffagonia. She could play the most difficult pieces of music at sight. She knew every date in the history of Paffagonia and every other country. She knew French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Crim Tartar. In a word she was a very clever young lady, and her governess was the severe Countess Gruffanuff.

Now you might have fancied from her dress that this Countess Gruffanuff was a person of the highest rank. She looked as if she might have been a princess at least, but the fact is she had once been maidservant to the queen, and her husband had been only a footman. But after the death of Mr. Gruffanuff his wife became a favorite with the queen. She flattered and praised her royal mistress (who was rather a weak woman) until at last her Majesty gave her the title of Countess. Then the countess was made nursery governess to the princess.

And now I must tell you about the princess's learning, which was so famous. Angelica certainly was clever, but as idle as possible. Play at sight, indeed! She could

play one or two pieces and pretend she had never seen them before. She could tell you half a dozen dates in history, but then you must take care to ask for the right ones. As for her languages, she had plenty of masters, but I doubt whether she knew more than a few words in each. And as for her embroidery and her drawing, she showed beautiful work, it is true, but who did them?

This obliges me to tell the truth, and to do so I must go back ever so far and tell you about the FAIRY BLACKSTICK.

CHAPTER II

TELLS WHO THE FAIRY BLACKSTICK WAS, AND WHO WERE EVER SO MANY OTHER GRAND PEOPLE BESIDES

Between the kingdoms of Paflagonia and Crim Tartary there lived a person who was known in those countries as the Fairy Blackstick. That name was given to her because she always carried a black ebony wand or crutch, on which she rode to the moon sometimes, or went on other journeys, and with which she worked all her wonders.

When she was young she had been taught all the fairy arts by the old magician, her father. She was always practicing her skill, whizzing about from one kingdom to another on her black stick, and giving her fairy gifts to this prince or that. She had scores of godchildren,

and she turned hundreds of wicked people into beasts, birds, bootjacks, umbrellas, and other queer shapes.

But after two or three thousand years of this play, I suppose Blackstick grew tired of it. Or perhaps she thought: "What good am I doing by sending this princess to sleep for a hundred years, or by fixing a black pudding to that old lady's nose? Why should I make diamonds and pearls drop from one little girl's mouth, and vipers and toads come from another's? I begin to think I do as much harm as good by my fairy work, and might just as well leave things alone. There were my two god-daughters, Giglio's mother and Bulbo's mother. I gave them each a present, to one a Rose and to the other a Ring, which was to make them appear charming as long as they lived. What good did my Rose and my Ring do these two women? No good at all. Because they were thought so charming every one spoiled them, and they became idle and vain and fancied themselves beautiful even when they were quite old and ugly. They used actually to look down upon me when I went to visit them — *me*, the Fairy Blackstick, who knows all about fairy spells and could have turned them into monkeys, and their diamonds into strings of onions, by a single wave of my rod."

So she locked up her books in her cupboard and refused to work any more magic charms, and scarcely used her wand at all except as a cane to walk about with.

So when Bulbo was born (his mother was the fairy's goddaughter and his father was Duke Padella, a nobleman in Crim Tartary) Blackstick would not so much as come to the christening, but merely sent her compliments and a silver mug for the baby, which was really not worth more than a couple of dollars.

About this same time little Prince Giglio was born; and the guns were fired and no end of feasts made to celebrate the young prince's birth. People thought that the fairy, who was asked to be his godmother, would at least have given him an invisible jacket, a flying horse, or some other valuable gift. But instead, Blackstick went up to the cradle of the child Giglio, where everybody was admiring him, and said, "My poor child, the best thing I can send you is a little *misfortune*." And this was all she would say, to the disgust of his royal papa and mamma, who died very soon after, when Giglio's uncle took the throne, as we read in Chapter I.

So also when the king of Crim Tartary had a christening of his only child, Rosalba, the Fairy Blackstick, who had been invited, was not more gracious than she had been to Prince Giglio. While every one was talking of the beauty of the darling child, the Fairy Blackstick looked very sadly at the baby and its mother and said: "My good woman, these people who are flattering you will be the first to turn against you. And as for this



little lady, the best thing I can wish for her is a little *misfortune*." So she touched Rosalba with her black wand, waved good-by to the queen, and sailed slowly out of the window up into the air.

When she was gone the court people, who had been awed and silent, began to speak.

"What a horrid fairy she is," they said; "a pretty kind of fairy, indeed! Why, she went to Prince Giglio's christening and pretended to do all sorts of things for that family. And what has happened? The prince, her godson, has been turned off his throne by his uncle. Would we allow any one to take the throne away from our sweet princess? Never, never, never!" And they all shouted in chorus, "Never, never, never!"

Now I should like you to know how these fine courtiers showed their faithfulness. One of the king's nobles, the Duke of Padella, father of little Bulbo, rebelled against the king, who went out to punish him. "Any one rebel against our beloved king!" cried the courtiers. "Pooh! He will bring home Padella a prisoner and tie him to a donkey's tail."

So the king went forth to punish Padella; and the poor queen, who was very timid, grew so frightened and ill that I am sorry to say she died. She left orders with her ladies to take care of the dear little Rosalba. Of course they said they would. Of course they vowed they

would die rather than that any harm should happen to the princess.

At first the Crim Tartar newspaper said that the king was winning great victories. Then it said that the troops of the wicked Padella were put to flight, and then — then the news came that the king was beaten and had been killed and the crown belonged to King Padella the First.

At this news half the courtiers ran off to pay their duty to the new king, and the other half ran away. They took with them all the most valuable things in the palace, and poor little Rosalba was left there quite alone — quite alone. She toddled from one room to another, crying: "Countess! Duchess!" (only she said "Tountess, Duttest," not being able to speak plain) "bring me my mutton sop; my Royal Highness hungry. Tountess! Duttest!" and she went from the nursery into the throne room and nobody was there; and then into the ballroom and nobody was there; and then into the pages' room and nobody was there. And she toddled down the great staircase into the hall and nobody was there; and the door was open and she went into the court and into the garden, and then into the forest, where the wild beasts live, and never was heard of any more. A piece of her torn cloak and one of her shoes were found in the wood in the mouths of a lioness's two cubs.



The lioness had been shot by King Padella and a royal hunting party.

"So the poor little princess is done for," said King Padella—for he called himself king now and reigned over Crim Tartary; "well, what's done can't be helped. Gentlemen, let us go to luncheon!" And one of the courtiers took up the shoe and put it in his pocket. And there was an end of Rosalba!

CHAPTER III

HOW BLACKSTICK WAS NOT ASKED TO THE PRINCESS
ANGELICA'S CHRISTENING

When the Princess Angelica was born her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party but gave orders to their porter to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff. He had been chosen as porter by the queen because he was a very tall, fierce man, who could say "Not at home" with great rudeness. He was the husband of that countess whom we have already heard about, and as long as they were together they quarreled from morning till night.

Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For when the Fairy Blackstick came to call upon the prince and princess, they were actually sitting at the great drawing-room window. But Gruffanuff said, "Not at home," and then he winked in a rude, vulgar way.

As he was going to slam the door in the fairy's face he said: "Git away, old Blackstick! I tell you Master and Missis ain't at home to you."

But the fairy, with her wand, prevented the door's being shut, and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury. He was in a dreadful rage and asked the fairy whether

she thought he was going to stay "at that there door all day?"

"You are going to stay at that door all day and all night and for many a long year," said the fairy. And Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, burst out laughing and cried: "Ha, ha! this is a joke! Ha — ha — what's this? Let me down — O — o — H'm!" and then he was dumb.

For as the fairy waved her hand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground and fluttering up against the door. Then it seemed as if a screw ran through the middle of him, and he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door. And then his arms flew up over his head; and his legs, after kicking about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold growing over him as if he were turning into metal. And he said, "O — o — H'm!" and could say no more, because he was dumb.

He was turned into metal! He was neither more nor less than a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he turned almost red-hot. And there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was frozen into an icicle. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the postboy with a letter came and hit him up against the door.



And as the king and queen (they were only prince and princess then) were coming home from a walk that evening, the king said: "Hallo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our porter in the face! What has become of that rascal?"

And the housemaid came and rubbed Gruffanuff's nose with sandpaper. And then the queen had a fancy to have the color of the door altered. And the painters dabbed Gruffanuff over the mouth and eyes and nearly choked him as they painted him pea-green. You may be sure he had plenty of time to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick!

As for his wife, she did not miss him. Every one knew he was always quarreling with her and that he owed a great deal of money, so it was supposed he had run away and gone to Australia or America; and when the prince and princess chose to become king and queen, they left their old house and nobody thought of the porter any more.



CHAPTER IV

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID

One day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace. Her governess, Mrs. Gruffanuff, was with her, holding a parasol over Angelica's head to keep her sweet complexion from freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great deal of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and she looked as though she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak and had only one shoe on.

"You little wretch, who let you in here?" asked Gruffanuff.

"Div me dat bun," said the little girl, "me vely hungry."

"Hungry! what is that?" asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

"O princess!" said Gruffanuff, "how good, how kind you are! See, your Majesties," she said to the king and queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, "how kind the princess is! She met this dirty little wretch in the garden—I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at

the gate!—and the dear darling of a princess has given her the whole of her bun!”

“I did n’t want it,” said Angelica.

“But you are a darling little angel all the same,” said the governess.

“Yes, I know I am,” said Angelica. “Dirty little girl, don’t you think I am very pretty?” Indeed, she had on the finest of little dresses and hats, and as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very nice.

“Oh, pooty, pooty!” cried the little girl, jumping about, laughing and dancing and munching her bun. And as she ate it she began to sing:

“Oh, what fun to have a plum bun!

How I wis it never was done.”

Which made Angelica, Giglio, and the king and queen laugh very merrily.

“I can dance as well as sing,” said the little girl:

“I can dance and I can sing,

And I can do all sorts of ting.”

And she ran to a flower bed and, pulling a few flowers, made herself a little wreath. Then she danced before the king and queen, and was so funny and pretty that everybody was delighted.

“Who was your mother and who were your brothers and sisters, little girl?” asked the queen.



The little girl said :

“ Little lion was my brudder, -
Great big lioness my mudder,
Nebber heard of any odder.”

And she danced away on her one shoe.

So Angelica said to the queen : “ Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage. I don’t care any more for any of my toys ; I think this funny, dirty little child will amuse me, so I will take her home and give her some of my old frocks.”

“ Oh, the generous darling ! ” said Gruffanuff.

"Which I have worn ever so many times and am quite tired of," Angelica went on; "and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, dirty little girl?"

The child clapped her hands and said:

"Go home with you? — yes! you pooty princess!
Have a nice dinner and wear a new dress!"

So they took the child home to the palace, where, when she was washed and combed and had one of the princess's frocks given her, she looked almost as handsome as Angelica.

In order that the little girl should not become too proud, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her ragged cloak and one shoe and put them into a glass box. A card was put inside the box, on which was written, "These are the old clothes in which little Betsinda was found." And the date was added and the box locked up.

As Betsinda grew older, she was made lady's maid to the princess, and worked and mended, though she had no wages. She put Angelica's hair in papers, was never cross when scolded, and was eager to please her mistress. She was always up early, went to bed late, and was never out of the way when she was wanted. In fact she became a perfect little maid.

So the two girls grew up; and when the princess came out Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her. She

made her dresses better than the best dressmaker and was useful in a hundred ways. While the princess was having her masters Betsinda would sit and watch them, and in this way she picked up a great deal of learning. For she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and she listened to the wise teachers when Angelica was thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing master came Betsinda learned with Angelica. And when the music master came she watched him, and practiced the princess's pieces when Angelica was away at balls and parties. And when the drawing master came she took note of all he said and did. She did the same with French, Italian, and all other languages—she learned them from the teacher who came to Angelica. When the princess was going out in the evening, she would say, "My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun."

"Yes, miss," Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful—not to finish what Angelica had begun, but to do it.

At one time the princess began to draw the head of a warrior, but she made it look much more like the head of a cat. When it was finished by Betsinda it looked exactly like a soldier. Then the princess put her name to the drawing, and the Court and the king and queen and, above all, poor Giglio admired the picture very much and said, "Was there ever a princess like Angelica?"

I am sorry to say the same thing happened with her embroidery and many other things. Angelica really believed she did these things herself, and took all the praise of the Court as if every word of it were true.

Now you begin to see that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as her Royal Highness was thought to be.

CHAPTER V

HOW PRINCE GIGLIO BEHAVED HIMSELF

And now let us speak about Prince Giglio, the nephew of the king of Paflagonia. As long as he had a smart coat to wear, a good horse to ride, and money in his pocket, my young prince did not care in the least for the loss of his crown. For you see he was not much inclined to any kind of learning. He would not learn arithmetic or history, and his tutor pulled a very long face because Giglio refused to study any lessons.

But on the other hand he could hunt and shoot and dance and play tennis better than almost any one else, and his fencing master, the great Count Hedzoff, said he was the best swordsman in all the kingdom.

The prince and princess used often to walk together in the palace garden, for you see they were cousins, and the queen always wished that they should marry. So did

Giglio. So did Angelica sometimes, for she thought her cousin very handsome and good-natured. But then you know she was so clever and knew so many things and poor Giglio knew almost nothing.

So you see Angelica, though she liked Giglio pretty well, despised him on account of his ignorance. To tell the truth, Angelica liked her cousin well enough when nobody else was there.

Now Gruffanuff and all the courtiers hated poor Giglio, because they had wronged him, and they invented cruel stories about him in order to set the king, queen, and princess against him. They said he was so stupid he could not spell the commonest words and actually spelled Angelica with two l's. They were sure he owed ever so much money at the pastry cook's, and he was always idling in the stables with the grooms or playing cards with the pages. They even said that he used to go to sleep at church.

All these wicked stories had effect on Princess Angelica, who began to look coldly on her cousin and scorn him for being so stupid. And at court balls and dinners she began to treat him so unkindly that poor Giglio became quite ill and had to go to bed and send for the doctor.

While he was lying sick in this way, there came to the court a famous painter from the kingdom of Crim Tartary. He painted all the Court, who were delighted

with his pictures, for he made even the Countess Gruffanuff look young and sweet-tempered.

The Princess Angelica chose to have this painter for a teacher. And it was wonderful what beautiful pictures she made as long as she painted in his studio. She wrote her name under the drawings, but I think I know who did the pictures.

One day the artist showed Angelica a portrait of a young man in armor, with fair hair and the loveliest blue eyes.

"Who is this?" asked the princess.

"I never saw any one so handsome," said Countess Gruffanuff.

"That," said the painter, "that, madam, is the portrait of my young master, his Royal Highness Bulbo, Crown Prince of Crim Tartary."

"What a prince!" thought Angelica; "so brave — so calm-looking — so young — what a hero!"

"He is as clever as he is brave," continued the court painter, "and has danced before the king and queen. On that occasion he looked so beautiful that his cousin, a lovely princess, died for love of him."

"Why did he not marry the poor princess?" asked Angelica, with a sigh.

"Because the young prince had given his heart elsewhere," said the painter.



"And to whom?" asked her Royal Highness, with a very pretty blush.

"I am not at liberty to mention her name, but I may show you her portrait," said this slyboots. And leading the princess up to a gilt frame, he drew a curtain which was before it.

What do you think? The frame contained a LOOKING-GLASS! And Angelica saw her own face.

CHAPTER VI

HOW GIGLIO AND ANGELICA HAD A QUARREL

The court painter of King Padella returned to Crim Tartary, carrying the portrait of the Princess Angelica, which all the Crim Tartar nobles came to see; while a portrait of Prince Bulbo which the painter had left behind him was hung in the royal dining room, and Princess Angelica could always look at it as she sat making the tea. Every day it seemed to grow handsomer and handsomer, and the princess grew so fond of looking at it that she would often spill the tea over the cloth.

In the meanwhile poor Giglio lay upstairs very ill in his room. He grew no better, though he took all the doctor's horrible medicines like a good young lad, as I hope you do, my dears, when you are ill and mamma sends for the doctor. And the only person who visited Giglio was little Betsinda the housemaid, who used to clean his bedroom and sitting-room, bring him his gruel, and warm his bed.

When the little housemaid came to him in the morning and evening, Prince Giglio used to say, "Betsinda, Betsinda, how is the Princess Angelica?"

And Betsinda used to answer, "The princess is very well, thank you, my lord."

Then he would say, "Betsinda, has the Princess Angelica asked for me to-day?"

And Betsinda would answer, "No, my lord, not to-day," or, "She was very busy practicing the piano when I saw her," or make some excuse or other to hide the truth. For Betsinda was such a good-natured creature that she tried to do everything to prevent Prince Giglio's being troubled. She even brought him up roast chicken and jellies from the kitchen (when the doctor allowed them and Giglio was getting better), saying that the princess had made the jelly or the bread sauce with her own hands "on purpose for Giglio."

When Giglio heard this he took heart and began to get better. He gobbled up all the jelly and picked the last bone of the chicken, thanking his dear Angelica. And he felt so much better the next day that he dressed and went downstairs, where whom should he meet but Angelica herself!

"Dear me, Giglio!" cried Angelica, "you here?"

"Yes, dear Angelica, I am come downstairs, and feel so well to-day, thanks to the fowl and the jelly."

"What do I know about fowls and jellies?" said Angelica.

"Why, did n't — did n't you send them, Angelica dear?" said Giglio.

"I send them, indeed! No, Giglio dear," said she, mocking him. "I was busy getting the rooms ready for his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary, who is coming to pay my papa's court a visit."

"The — Prince — of — Crim — Tartary!" Giglio said, gasping.

"Yes, the Prince of Crim Tartary," said Angelica, mocking him. "I daresay you never heard of such a country. What did you ever hear of? Oh, you stupid! You are so ignorant you are really not fit for society. Go and put your best clothes on to receive the prince, and let me get the drawing-room ready."

Giglio said: "Oh, Angelica, Angelica, I did n't think this of you. This was n't your language to me when you gave me this ring and I gave you mine in the garden."

But Angelica, who was in a rage, cried: "Get away, you saucy, rude creature! As for your ring, there, sir, there!" and she flung it out of the window.

"It was my mother's marriage ring," cried Giglio.

"I don't care whose marriage ring it was," cried Angelica.

Now Angelica did not know that the ring which Giglio had given her was the fairy ring which Blackstick had given to Giglio's mother. If a man wore this ring it made all the women love him, and if a woman wore it, then all the men loved her. The queen, Giglio's mother, was admired very much while she wore this ring; but just before she died she called her little Giglio to her and put the ring on his finger, and then no one seemed to



care for her any more, but gave all their love to little Giglio. But when, as quite a child, Giglio gave the ring to Angelica, people began to love and admire her and took no more notice of him.

"Very good, miss! You may take back your ring, too!" said Giglio, his eyes flashing fire at her. And then, as if his eyes had been suddenly opened, he cried out: "Ha! what does this mean? Have I been such a stupid as to waste my love on you? Why—actually—yes—you are quite ugly."

"Oh, you wretch!" cried Angelica.

"And really you—you squint a little, and your hair is red."

"Oh, you horrid, horrid creature!" Angelica screamed out, and she gave Giglio one, two, three hard smacks. At that moment one of the king's nobles entered and said, with a low bow, "Royal Highnesses! their Majesties expect you in the pink throne room, where they await the arrival of the Prince of Crim Tartary."

CHAPTER VII

HOW GRUFFANUFF PICKED THE FAIRY RING UP AND PRINCE BULBO CAME TO COURT

Prince Bulbo's arrival had set all the Court in a flutter. Everybody was ordered to put his or her best clothes on. As for the Countess Gruffanuff, you may be sure she was glad enough of a chance to dress herself in her finest things. She was walking through the court of the palace when she spied something glittering on the pavement, and told the boy in buttons, who was holding up her train, to go and pick it up. He was an ugly little wretch; and yet, when he had taken up the fairy ring (as it turned out to be) and was carrying it to his mistress, she thought he looked like a perfect little beauty. He gave the ring to her, but it was too small for any of her old fingers, so she put it in her pocket.



"Oh, mum!" said the boy, looking at her, "how — how beyoutiful you do look, mum, to-day, mum."

The guards saluted her, and Captain Hedzoff said, "My dear madam, you look like an angel to-day." And so, bowing and smiling, Gruffanuff went in and took her place behind her royal master and mistress, who were in the throne room awaiting the Prince of Crim Tartary. Princess Angelica sat at their feet, and behind the king's chair stood Prince Giglio, looking very savage.

The Prince of Crim Tartary walked in, followed by a black page carrying the most beautiful crown you ever saw !

Hedzoff now brought a chair for the royal visitor and placed it on the platform on which the king, queen, and prince were seated. But the chair was on the edge of the platform, and as Bulbo sat down, it toppled over and he fell with it, rolling over and over and bellowing like a bull.

Giglio laughed and so did all the Court when Prince Bulbo got up; for though when he entered the room he looked quite handsome, when he stood up from his fall he looked so very plain and foolish that nobody could help laughing at him. When he had entered the room he was seen to carry a rose in his hand, but he had dropped it as he fell. Now, this was the Magic Rose which the Fairy Blackstick had given to Bulbo's mother.

"My rose! my rose!" cried Bulbo, and his chamberlain dashed forward and picked it up and gave it to the prince, who put it in his buttonhole. Then people wondered why they had laughed. Bulbo was rather short, rather stout, rather red-haired, but for a prince he was not at all bad-looking.

"Come," said the queen. "It is time to dress for dinner. Giglio, show Prince Bulbo to his room. Prince, if your clothes have not come, we shall be very happy to see you as you are."



At length his Royal Highness the Prince of Crim Tartary was announced, and the noble company went into the royal dining room. It was quite a small party, but you may be sure they had a very good dinner. Let every boy and girl think of what he or she likes best, and then they will know what was on the table.

The princess talked all dinner time to Prince Bulbo, who ate a good deal too much and never took his eyes off his plate. Giglio was rude and would not speak to any one but the Countess Gruffanuff, who you may be sure was very pleased with his attentions—the vain old creature! He made fun of Prince Bulbo so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan and saying, “Oh, fie, the prince will hear!”

“Well, I don’t mind,” said Giglio, louder still.

The king and queen luckily did not hear, for her Majesty was a little deaf and the king thought so much about his own dinner that he paid no attention to anything else. After dinner his Majesty and the queen went to sleep in their armchairs.

Bulbo went and sat by the piano, where Angelica was playing and singing, and he sang quite out of tune, and he upset the coffee when the footman brought it. But Angelica still thought he was the most beautiful of human beings, for you see he still wore the Magic Rose, which made him appear charming in her eyes.

Giglio must go and sit by Gruffanuff, whose ugly old face he too every moment began to find more lovely (for you remember she had the Magic Ring). He said there was never such a darling as she was. He would marry her—he would have nothing but her.



CHAPTER VIII

HOW BETSINDA GOT INTO TROUBLE

Little Betsinda came in to help Gruffanuff dress, and the countess was so pleased that, for a wonder, she talked quite pleasantly to Betsinda.

"Betsinda," she said, "you dressed my hair very nicely to-day, and I promised you a little present. Here is a pretty little ring." And she gave Betsinda the ring she had picked up in the court. It fitted Betsinda exactly.

"It's the ring the princess used to wear," said the maid.

"No such thing," said Gruffanuff, "I have had it for ever so long."

Prince Bulbo came in just as Betsinda was leaving his room. As soon as he saw her he cried out: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! what a beyou-oo-ootiful creature you are! You angel! Be mine! Be princess of Crim Tartary! As for that little red-haired Angelica, I do not care a fig for her any more."

"Go away, your Royal Highness," said Betsinda.

But Bulbo said, "No, never, till you promise to be mine."

Prince Bulbo made such a noise that Prince Giglio, who heard him from the next room, came in to see what was the matter. As soon as he saw what was happening, Giglio, in a fury, rushed on Bulbo, and shook him in the rudest manner, till his hair was quite out of curl.

Poor Betsinda did not know whether to laugh or cry. The shaking must certainly have hurt the prince, but then he looked so funny. When Giglio had done knocking him up and down, and while he went into a corner rubbing himself, what do you think Giglio did? He went down on his knees to Betsinda, took her hand, begged her to accept his heart, and offered to marry her that moment. Fancy what Betsinda felt! She who had been in love



with Prince Giglio ever since she first saw him in the palace garden, when she was quite a little child!

"Oh, my dear Betsinda!" said the prince, "how have I lived fifteen years in your company without seeing how beautiful you are?"

"Oh, prince! I am only a poor chambermaid," said Betsinda, looking, however, very much pleased.

"Did you not tend me in my sickness, when all forsook me?" continued Giglio. "Did not your gentle hand smooth my pillow and bring me jelly and roast chicken?"

"Yes, dear prince," said Betsinda.

When poor Prince Bulbo, who was now madly in love with Betsinda, heard this and saw how she looked at Giglio he began to cry bitterly. And he tore hair out of his head till it covered all the floor.

"You great silly," cried Giglio, "tearing your hair in the corner there. How dare you kneel down at Princess Giglio's feet and kiss her hand?"

"She's not Princess Giglio!" roared out Bulbo. "She shall be Princess Bulbo; no other shall be Princess Bulbo."

"You are going to marry my cousin Angelica!" bellowed out Giglio.

"I hate your cousin," said Bulbo.

"I'll have your life."

"I'll run you through."

"I'll knock your head off."

"I'll send a bullet into you."

"We'll meet again," said Giglio, shaking his fist in Bulbo's face, and rushed downstairs. What should he see on the landing but the king talking to Betsinda and calling her all sorts of pretty names! His Majesty had heard a noise and had come out to see what was the matter.



"It's the young gentlemen, sir," said Betsinda.

"Charming chambermaid," said the king (like all the rest of them), "never mind the young men. Say you will be mine and share my heart and throne. I can easily have the queen beheaded."

When Giglio heard these horrible words he forgot to be respectful to his royal uncle, and knocked the king as flat as a pancake. After which Master Giglio took to

his heels and ran away, Betsinda went off screaming, and the queen, Gruffanuff, and the princess all came out of their rooms. Fancy their feelings when they saw the king lying flat on the floor!

As soon as the king came to himself he shouted and stamped his royal feet with rage. Oh, what a sad sight! The king's nose was bent quite crooked by the blow of Prince Giglio! His Majesty ground his teeth with rage.

"Hedzoff," he said, taking a death warrant out of his dressing-gown pocket, "Hedzoff, good Hedzoff, seize upon the prince. You will find him in his room upstairs. He has just dared to strike and knock down a king. Away! Do not hesitate; the villain dies!"

CHAPTER IX

GRUFFANUFF AND BETSINDA

Poor Betsinda got up at five on that winter's morning to bring her cruel mistress her tea, and, instead of finding her in a good humor, found Gruffy as cross as two sticks. The countess boxed Betsinda's ears half a dozen times while she was dressing; but as poor little Betsinda was used to this kind of treatment, she did not feel any special alarm. "And now," said Gruffanuff, "when her Majesty rings the bell twice, I'll trouble you, miss, to attend."

So when the queen's bell rang twice, Betsinda came to her Majesty and made a pretty little curtsy. The queen, the princess, and Gruffanuff were all three in the room. As soon as they saw Betsinda they began.

"You wretch!" said the queen.

"You little vulgar thing!" said the princess.

"You little horror!" said Gruffanuff.

"Get out of my sight!" said the queen.

"Go away with you, do!" said the princess.

"Quit the premises!" said Gruffanuff.

Alas! and woe is me! very sad things had happened to Betsinda that morning. The king had offered to marry her, so of course her Majesty the queen was jealous. Bulbo had fallen in love with her, so of course Angelica was furious. Giglio was in love with her, and oh, what a fury Gruffy was in!

"Take off that cap and petticoat and gown I gave you," they said, all of them at once, and began tearing the clothes off poor Betsinda.

"How dare you make love to the king—and Prince Bulbo—and Prince Giglio?" cried the queen, the princess, and the countess.

"Give her the rags she wore when she came into the house, and turn her out of it!" cried the queen.

"Mind she does not go with my shoes on, which I so kindly lent her," said the princess.



"Come with me, you horrid little thing!" and taking up the queen's poker, the cruel Gruffanuff drove Betsinda into her room.

The countess went to the glass box in which she had kept Betsinda's old cloak and shoe for ever so long, and said, "Take those rags, you little beggar maid, and strip off everything that belongs to us, and go about your business." And she actually took away Betsinda's warm clothes and told her to be off and out of the house.

Poor Betsinda huddled the cloak round her back. It was a very old cloak and was embroidered with the letters PRIN—— ROSAL——, and then came a great hole.

As for the shoe, what was Betsinda to do with one poor little tootsey sandal? The string was still on it, so she hung it round her neck.

"Won't you give me a pair of shoes to go out in the snow, mum, if you please?" cried the poor child.

"No, you wicked monster!" said Gruffanuff, driving Betsinda along with the poker—driving her down the cold stairs—driving her through the cold hall—flinging her out into the cold street, so that even the knocker shed tears to see her!

But a kind fairy made the soft snow warm for Betsinda's little feet, and she wrapped herself up in the ermine of her mantle, and was gone!

CHAPTER X

HOW BETSINDA FLED, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER

Betsinda wandered on and on till she passed through the town gates, and so into the great Crim Tartary road and the very way on which Giglio too was going. "Ah!" thought she, as the coach passed her and the conductor blew a delightful tune on his horn, "how I should like to be in that coach!" But she little knew who was in it, though very likely she was thinking of him all the time.

Then came an empty cart, returning from market; and the driver, being a kind man, and seeing such a very pretty girl trudging along the road with bare feet, most good-naturedly gave her a seat. He said he lived close to the forest, where his old father was a woodman, and if she liked he would take her so far on her road. All roads were the same to little Betsinda, so she very thankfully took this one.

And the farmer put a rug round her bare feet, and gave her some bread and cold bacon, and was very kind to her. But in spite of all that, she was very cold and sad. After traveling on and on, evening came, and all the black pines were bending with snow, and there at last was the comfortable light shining in the woodman's window. So they arrived and went into his cottage.

The woodman was an old man and had a number of children, who were just at supper, eating nice hot bread and milk, when their elder brother arrived with the cart; and they jumped and clapped their hands, for they were good children, and he had brought them toys from the town. And when they saw the pretty stranger, they ran to her, and led her to the fire, and rubbed her poor little feet, and brought her bread and milk.

'Look, father!' they said to the old woodman, 'look at this poor girl and see what pretty cold feet she has. They are as white as our milk! And look and see what



an odd cloak she has, just like the bit of velvet that hangs up in our cupboard, and which you found that day the little cubs were killed by King Padella in the forest! And look — why, bless us all! she has around her neck a little shoe exactly like the one you brought home and have shown us so often — a little blue velvet shoe!”

"What," said the old woodman, "what is all this about a shoe and a cloak?"

And Betsinda explained that she had been left, when quite a little child, at the town with this cloak and shoe. And the persons who had taken care of her were now very angry with her, for no fault, she hoped, of her own, and they had sent her away with her old clothes, and here she was. She remembered having been in a forest and having lived in a cave with lions there — but perhaps it was a dream, it was so very odd and strange. And before that she remembered having lived in a very, very fine house, as fine as the king's, in the town.

When the woodman heard this he was so astonished; it was quite curious to see how astonished he was. He went to the cupboard and took out the shoe and piece of velvet which he had kept so long and compared them with the things which Betsinda wore. In Betsinda's little shoe was written "Hopkins, Maker to the Royal Family"; so in the other shoe was written "Hopkins, Maker to the Royal Family." On the inside of Betsinda's piece of cloak was embroidered PRIN—— ROSAL——, and in the other piece of cloak was embroidered ——CESS ——BA. So that when the pieces were put together you read PRINCESS ROSALBA.

On seeing this the dear old woodman fell down on his knee, saying, "O my princess, O my gracious royal lady,

O my rightful queen of Crim Tartary—I hail thee!” And in token of his loyalty he rubbed his nose three times on the ground and put the princess’s foot on his head.

“Why,” said Betsinda, “my good woodman, you must be a nobleman of my royal father’s court!”

“Indeed I am, my gracious queen. I was once a lord, but have been a humble woodman for fifteen years, ever since the tyrant Padella (may ruin overtake the knave!) dismissed me from court.”

The old marquis told Betsinda that the whole country hated King Padella and would gladly welcome her as its rightful sovereign. And, late as it was, he sent his children, who knew the forest well, hither and thither to call together all the noblemen who remained faithful to Rosalba.

They were very old gentlemen, for the most part, but they fell in love with Rosalba the moment they saw her. So, to prevent this, her Majesty was obliged to wear a veil.

She went about, after this, from one nobleman’s castle to another, and they all talked a great deal and made many plans, so that in about a year they were ready to move.

Rosalba’s army was, in truth, made up of very feeble old men, and all they did was to go about the country waving their swords and flags and shouting, “God save

the queen!" And as King Padella was absent just then, they had their own way for a little. To be sure, the people all cheered when they saw the queen, but otherwise they took it very quietly, for they said it didn't make much difference to them who was king or queen; the taxes were always the same.

CHAPTER XI

HOW ROSALBA CAME TO THE CASTLE OF THE BOLD COUNT

We have told how King Padella happened to be away, so that none of his troops came out to stop this army of the rightful queen. It marched slowly through the country and at length came to the castle of one of the most powerful noblemen of all that land.

When they came close to his gates, this nobleman sent to say he would wait upon her Majesty. He was a most powerful warrior, and it took two strong negroes to carry his helmet. He knelt down before Rosalba and said: "Madam! it is right that a great noble should show every outward sign of respect to the wearer of the crown, whoever that may be. I kneel to you."

Rosalba said it was very kind of him. But she felt afraid of him, even while he was kneeling, for his eyes scowled at her from between his whiskers, which grew up to them.



"The first count of the empire, madam," he went on, "salutes the queen! Madam, my hand is free and I offer it and my heart and my sword to your service! My three wives are all dead, and this heart pines for another. Say you will be mine, and I will promise to cut off the head of King Padella and the nose of his son Prince Bulbo, and the crown shall be ours. Say yes, for the Bold Count can never be denied."

"Oh, sir!" Rosalba said, in a great fright, "your lordship is very kind, but I am sorry to tell you that I am engaged to Prince Giglio and never, never can marry any one but him."

Who can describe the Bold Count's wrath? Rising from his knees he ground his teeth so that fire flashed out of his mouth. "All the world shall hear of my rage, and you, madam, above all shall suffer for it." And he rushed away, his whiskers streaming in the wind.

The queen's army was in a dreadful fright when they saw the count come out in such a rage. They marched off very sadly, and in half an hour they were met by the cruel nobleman with his followers, who whacked and banged them, took the queen prisoner, and drove the entire army to I don't know where.

Poor queen! The Bold Count would not even look at her. "Send her with my compliments to his Majesty King Padella," he said.

So the poor queen was laid in the straw, like Margery Daw, and driven along in the dark ever so many miles to the court, where King Padella had now arrived. And there she was thrust into a dungeon.

It was a dreadful dungeon in which Rosalba was placed — a most awful black hole, full of bats, rats, mice, toads, frogs, serpents, and every kind of horror. No light was let into it, for the jailers might have seen her and

fallen in love with her. Only an owl that lived up in the roof of the tower could see her, and he fell in love with her at once; and so did a cat, who, you know, can see in the dark, and having set its green eyes on Rosalba never would go back to the turnkey's wife, to whom it belonged. And the toads in the dungeon came and kissed her feet, and the vipers wound round her neck and arms and never hurt her, so charming was this poor princess in the midst of her misfortunes.

At last, after she had been kept in this place ever so long, the door of the dungeon opened and the terrible King Padella came in.

But what he said and did must be kept for another chapter, as we must now go back to Prince Giglio.



CHAPTER XII

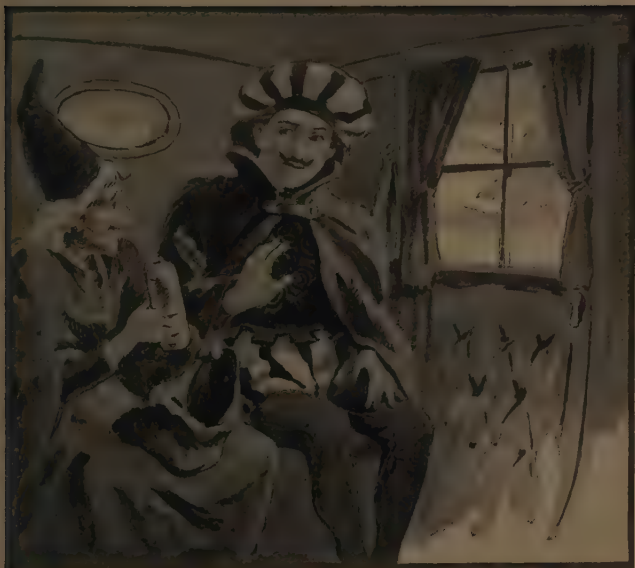
WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO

Prince Giglio ran up to his room, packed his trunks, and was off to the coach office in a twinkling.

It was well he was so quick and took the early coach, for the king sent up two policemen to Prince Giglio's room with orders that he should be carried to prison and his head taken off before twelve o'clock. But long before twelve o'clock the coach was far away out of reach of pursuit.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio was very glad to get an inside seat on the coach. At the first stage, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the coach a very common-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was told that she must go upon the roof. And a passenger inside with Giglio (a very rude person, I should think) put his head out of the window and said: "Nice weather for traveling outside! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear." The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. "I will give up my place to her," said he, "rather than to have her travel in the cold air with that horrid cough."

Then he sprang gayly onto the roof of the coach and made himself quite comfortable there. The rude traveler



got down at the next station, and Giglio took his place again and began to talk to the woman. She seemed to be a very pleasant, kind person, and they traveled together until night. She gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to be filled with the most wonderful things. He was thirsty — out there came a bottle of ginger-pop and a silver mug! Hungry — she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum pudding.

As they traveled, this plain-looking, queer woman talked to Giglio of a great many things which poor Giglio knew very little about. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was, and the lady said: "My dear Giglio, you are a young man and have plenty of time before you. You must improve yourself and prepare for the time when you may be wanted at home."

"Dear me, madam!" said Giglio, "do you know me?"

"I know a number of funny things," said the lady. "I have been at some people's christenings and been turned away from other folk's doors. I have seen some people spoiled by good fortune, and others, I hope, improved by hardships. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind."

"And who is my old friend?" asked Giglio.

"When you want anything," said the lady, "look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to —"

"To whom, madam?" asked Giglio.

"To the Fairy Blackstick," said the lady, flying out of the window.

And Giglio thought he had been dreaming, but there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap. And when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bedroom, and when he awoke in the morning the first thing he saw was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he looked at it. "I hope it has some breakfast in it," said Giglio, "for I have only a very little money left."

But when he opened the bag, what do you think was there? A blacking-brush and a pot of blacking, and on the pot was written:

Poor young men their boots must black;
Use me, and cork me, and put me back.

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out

A tablecloth and a napkin.

A sugar basin full of the best loaf sugar.

Two forks, two teaspoons, two knives, a pair of sugar tongs, and a butter knife, all marked G.

A teacup and saucer.

A jug of delicious cream.

A canister of tea.

A large tea urn and boiling water.

Three eggs nicely boiled.

A quarter of a pound of best butter.

A brown loaf.

And if he had n't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one?

Having had his breakfast, Giglio popped all his things back into his bag and went out to look for lodgings.

He took some modest rooms opposite the schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his new lodgings with his trunk, not forgetting, we may be sure, his bag.

When Giglio opened his trunk, which, the day before, he had filled with his best clothes, he found it had only books in it. And in the first of them which he opened, there was written:

Clothes for the back, books for the head;
Read and remember them when they are read.

And in his bag, when he looked in it, he found a student's cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So Giglio sat down and worked away very, very hard for a whole year, and after the examinations he took all the prizes:

The spelling prize,	The French prize,
The writing prize,	The arithmetic prize,
The history prize,	The Latin prize,
The catechism prize,	The good-conduct prize.

One day, soon after this, when Giglio was amusing himself with two friends (did I tell you that every Saturday night he found just enough money in his bag to pay his bills, with a dollar over for pocket money? Didn't I tell you? Well, he did, as sure as twice twenty makes forty-five) he happened to look at the newspaper, and read off quite easily (for he could spell and read and write the longest words now):

"'ROMANTIC STORY. One of the strangest adventures we have ever heard of has caused great excitement in the country of Crim Tartary.'" And then the paper went on to tell the whole story of Betsinda, and how she was now Rosalba, queen of Crim Tartary.

"What a strange story!" said Giglio's two friends.

"Ha! what is this?" Giglio went on reading: "'Second edition. We hear that the army of the Princess Rosalba has been cut to pieces, and she herself sent a prisoner to King Padella.'" "

"Come home with me," said Giglio, very much troubled; "come home with me, my friends; I have something to tell you which will astonish you. Disguise is henceforth useless. I am no more the humble student! I am Giglio, prince of Paflagonia."

The prince and his young friends hastened home to his lodgings, highly excited by the news, and ran up to his room, where he had worked so hard at his books.



On his writing table was his bag, grown so big that the prince could not help noticing it. He went to it, opened it, and what do you think he found in it?

A splendid, long, gold-handled sword, on which was written the words "Rosalba forever!"

Giglio drew out the sword, which flashed and lighted up the whole room, and called out, "Rosalba forever!" The two friends repeated the same words.

And now Giglio's trunk opened with a bang, and out there came three ostrich feathers in a gold crown set on a shining steel helmet, and a complete suit of armor.

The books on Giglio's shelves were all gone. Instead, his friends found two suits of armor, swords, helmets, and everything that they needed. And that very evening three horsemen might have been seen riding out of the gates, whom no one would ever have known as the young prince and his friends.

They rode on and never drew bridle until they reached the last town before you come to Crim Tartary. There, as their horses were tired and they were hungry, they stopped at an inn. As they were eating their bread and cheese on the balcony of the inn, they heard the noise of drums and trumpets sounding nearer and nearer. The market place began to be filled with soldiers, and his Royal Highness, looking out, saw the banners of Paflagonia, his own kingdom.

The troops all made for the inn at once; and as they came up, Giglio, on beholding their leader, cried out: "Whom do I see? Yes! No! It is! No, it can't be! Yes! It is my friend, my faithful Captain Hedzoff! Ho! Hedzoff! Knowest thou not thy prince, thy Giglio? Tell me what means this mighty army and whither are you marching?"

Hedzoff's head fell. "My lord," he said, "we march to help the great Padella, king of Crim Tartary. But

now that you are here I shall turn the army over to you. Ho! men, the Royal Prince Giglio wishes to address you!"

Then Giglio, stepping forth on the balcony, began a speech to the army, so magnificent that no report can do justice to it. He told them what had really happened before he left the court and how he now meant to take his rightful crown; and at the end of the speech Captain Hedzoff flung up his helmet and cried: "Hurray! hurray! Long live King Giglio!"

This was the result, you see, of having studied so well at college.



CHAPTER XIII

WE RETURN TO ROSALBA

King Padella, like all the other princes, immediately fell in love with Rosalba. He offered to marry his fair captive that instant, but she, in her usual polite, gentle manner, said that she loved Prince Giglio and would marry no one but him. Having tried tears and prayers in vain, the king tried to frighten her, and told her to prepare for death on the following morning.

Now the king had a pair of fierce lions which had lately been sent to him as presents, and he made up his mind that these savage animals should eat poor Rosalba. The two lions were kept in a cage in a circus near the palace, and their roaring might be heard over the whole city. I am sorry to say that all the people crowded in great numbers to see a poor young lady gobbled up by two wild beasts.

The king took his place in the royal box with the Bold Count by his side, waiting to see how Rosalba would act when the lions were let loose.

At length the princess was brought out, dressed in white, with all her beautiful hair falling down her back, and looking so pretty that even the keepers of the wild animals wept when they saw her. And all around were the Court and the people.

And now the gates were opened, and with a "Wurrawurawarar!" two great, lean, hungry lions rushed out of their den, where they had been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast and water, and dashed straight up to the place where poor Rosalba was waiting.

There was a hum and a buzz all through the circus, and the fierce King Padella even felt a little sorry.

But oh, what a strange thing happened! I am sure none of you could possibly guess! When the lions came to Rosalba, instead of tearing her to pieces with their great teeth, it was with kisses they nearly gobbled her up! They licked her pretty feet; they nuzzled their noses in her lap; they mooed; they seemed to say, "Dear, dear sister, don't you remember your brothers in the forest?" and she put her pretty white arms round their tawny necks and kissed them.

King Padella was very much astonished, but the Bold Count did not like it at all.

"Pooh!" the count cried. "These lions are tame beasts. I believe they are not lions at all, but little boys dressed up in doormats!"

"Ha!" said the king, "how dare you say 'pooh' to me? These lions are no lions at all, aren't they? Ho! my guards! take this count and fling him into the circus and let him fight these lions."

The Bold Count scowled at the king. "Touch me not, dogs!" he said. "Your Majesty thinks I am



afraid? No, not of a thousand lions!" and opening a grating of the box he jumped lightly down into the circus.

Wurra wurra wur-aw-aw-aw!!!

In about two minutes

The Bold Count was

GOBBLED UP

by

those lions,

bones, boots, and all,

and

there was an

end of him.

At this the king said: "Serve him right! And now as those lions won't eat that young woman —"

"Let her off! let her off!" cried the crowd.

"No!" roared the king. "Let the guards go down and chop her into small pieces. If the lions defend her, let them be shot. She shall die in tortures!"

"A—a—ah!" cried the crowd. "Shame! shame!"

"Who dares cry 'shame'?" cried the furious king. "Fling any one who says a word down among the lions!"

You may be sure there was silence after that, which was broken by a "Pang-arang-pang!" and a knight and a herald rode into the circus, the knight bearing a letter on the point of his lance.

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, "it is the herald of the king of Paflagonia, and the knight is the gallant Captain Hedzoff! What news from Paflagonia, gallant Hedzoff?"

Reining up his charger in a most elegant manner, close under the king's balcony, Hedzoff turned to the herald and bade him deliver his message.

The herald, dropping his trumpet over his shoulder, took a large sheet of paper out of his hat and began to read:

"O yes! O yes! O yes! Know all men, that we, Giglio, king of Paflagonia, having taken our rightful throne and title, for a long time falsely borne by our uncle, calling himself king of Paflagonia—"

"Ha!" growled Padella.

"Hereby order the false traitor, Padella, calling himself king of Crim Tartary, to release Rosalba, queen of Crim Tartary, and restore her to her royal throne. And if this be not done, I, Giglio, will meet him with battle-ax or sword, and will prove my words over his wicked, ugly body."

"God save the king!" cried Hedzoff.

"Is that all?" said Padella, in a terrific fury.

"That, sir, is all my royal master's message," said Hedzoff, waving his lance.

"And what says King Valoroso to this rubbish?"

"He is now in prison," said Hedzoff. "The whole of his army came over to our side."

At this news King Padella foamed with rage. "Ho! torturers," he shouted, "light up the fires, get lots of boiling lead! Bring out Rosalba!"

CHAPTER XIV

HOW HEDZOFF RODE BACK AGAIN TO KING GIGLIO

Captain Hedzoff rode away when King Padella gave this cruel command. Of course he was very sorry for Rosalba, but what could he do?

So he returned to King Giglio's camp and found him in the royal tent. His Majesty was very much troubled by the news which Hedzoff brought.

"The ruthless ruffian royal wretch!" Giglio exclaimed. "And did you give my royal message?"

"I did, indeed, my liege," answered Hedzoff.

"Haw wurraw—wurraw—aworr!"

A roar of wild beasts was heard. And who should come riding into the town, frightening away the boys and even the policeman, but ROSALBA!

The fact is that while Captain Hedzoff had been talking to King Padella, the lions had made a dash at the open gate and gobbled up the six guards in a jiffy. Then away they went with Rosalba on the back of one of them, and they carried her till they came to the city where King Giglio and his army were encamped.



When King Giglio heard of his queen's arrival, you may think how he rushed out to meet her! The lions were grown as fat as pigs now, having eaten up the Bold Count and all those guards, and they were so tame anybody might pat them.

CHAPTER XV

HOW A GREAT BATTLE TOOK PLACE, AND
WHO WON IT

As soon as King Padella heard — what we know already — that Rosalba had escaped, his fury was tremendous, and he ordered out his whole army and set forth at its head.

King Giglio's army, you may be sure, knew what the enemy was doing, and Giglio was not at all frightened.

Besides the armor which the Fairy Blackstick had given him, the prince had a fairy horse, which could gallop at any pace you please, and a fairy sword which would lengthen out and run through a whole regiment of enemies at once. With such a sword I wonder he thought of ordering his army out, but forth they came, all in splendid new uniforms, and his Majesty pranced at the head of them all.

What a battle that was! Arrows darkened the air; cannon balls crashed; bugles blew; drums beat; officers shouted out: "Forward, my men! Fight for King Giglio and the cause of right! King Padella forever!" No words can describe it, but at last King Padella and his army were completely beaten.

As for that wicked monarch, when his army ran away, he ran away, too, as fast as his horse could carry him.



But fast as he scampered, I promise you somebody else galloped faster; and that person, as no doubt you have guessed, was the royal Giglio, who kept shouting out: "Stay, traitor! Turn, coward, and defend thyself!"

And with his fairy sword, which stretched out as far as he wished, his Majesty kept poking and prodding Padella in the back, until that wicked monarch roared with pain.

At last Padella turned and gave King Giglio a tremendous crack over the helmet with his battle-ax. But, bless you! the blow did no more harm than if Padella had struck him with a pat of butter.

This annoyed the Crim Tartar monarch. "If," said he to Giglio, "you ride a fairy horse and wear a fairy armor, what on earth is the use of my hitting you? I may as well give myself up a prisoner at once."

"Do you yield yourself a prisoner, Padella?" asked Giglio.

"Of course I do," said Padella.

"Will you give up the crown and all your treasures to Rosalba, your rightful mistress and queen?"

"If I must, I must," said Padella, who was naturally very sulky.

By this time some of King Giglio's men had come up, and his Majesty ordered them to bind the prisoner.

All was now joy at King Giglio's court—dancing, feasting, fun, and merrymakings. The people through whose villages they passed scattered flowers on the roads and cheered King Giglio and Queen Rosalba as they rode along side by side. It was agreed they should be married as soon as they reached home.

Prince Bulbo, who had seen the way things were going, had joined Giglio's party. Bulbo was now called "my good cousin" by his Majesty and was treated with the

greatest respect by everybody. When the royal party arrived at the last stage before they reached Paflagonia, who should be awaiting in her carriage there but the Princess Angelica. She rushed into her dear Bulbo's arms, scarcely stopping to make a curtsy to the king and queen.

Later a splendid luncheon was served to the royal party, and all of Giglio's friends were there. The Fairy Blackstick was seated on the left of the king, with Bulbo and Angelica beside her.

When at last the wedding day came, everybody was shouting: "Hurray! hurray!" "Hip, hip, hurray!" "Long live the king and queen!" The bells were ringing and the guns were roaring and banging. Bulbo was embracing everybody and Hedzoff was dancing a jig for joy; and as for Giglio—I leave you to imagine what he was doing. And if he kissed Rosalba once, twice—twenty thousand times, I'm sure I don't think he was wrong.

And they all went in and signed the marriage papers, and then they went to church, and Giglio and Rosalba were married, and the Fairy Blackstick sailed away on her cane and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.

And here ends the story.

W. M. THACKERAY (Adapted)

WORD LISTS

Table for Syllabication. The list of polysyllabic words found on this and the following page is intended to give the children practice in syllabication and also to illustrate the fact that when an *accented* syllable ends in a vowel it is usually long.

Difficult Words arranged Alphabetically. The author believes that beginning with the fourth grade each pupil should become thoroughly familiar with the use of the dictionary. There are several excellent school dictionaries on the market, one of which should be in the hands of every pupil. The teacher should take time to explain the use of the diacritical markings as a key to pronunciation. Lay especial emphasis on the marks of the sounds most commonly encountered.

The lists on pages 312-314 are made up of the more difficult words found in the stories of this reader. They are to be used only when the pupil has not been provided with a dictionary.

mem'ory	spontane'ity	examina'tion
memo'rial	abnega'tion	incanta'tion
ef'ficacy	adapta'tion	inclina'tion
effica'cious	admira'tion	indenta'tion
inflam'mable	applica'tion	recita'tion
inflamma'tion	approba'tion	resigna'tion
nav'igable	aspera'tion	resolu'tion
naviga'tion	cultiva'tion	restitu'tion
rem'edy	declama'tion	retribu'tion
reme'dial	degrada'tion	vindica'tion
sponta'neous	destitu'tion	representa'tion

manifesta'tion	gera'nium	preca'rious
administra'tion	oppro'brium	sanctimo'nious
distribu'tion	sanato'rium	albu'minous
revolu'tion	trape'zium	innu'merable
destina'tion	pandemo'nium	insu'perable
demonstra'tion	Arca'dian	reli'able
congrega'tion	Bohe'mian	undeni'able
specifica'tion	custo'dian	accli'matize
malforma'tion	valedicto'rian	ammo'nia
agglu'tinate	subterra'nean	petu'nia
anni'hilate	Hercu'lean	ante'rior
asso'ciate	enthu'siasm	propri'etor
enu'merate	corpo'real	restora'tion
imme'diate	incorpo'real	unho'liness
illu'minate	unconge'nial	unti'diness
ine'briate	tonso'rial	macaro'ni
luxu'riate	immemo'rial	diplo'macy
nego'tiate	marsu'pial	impu'nity
recu'perate	latitu'dinal	perpetu'ity
remu'nerate	substitu'tional	expe'dient
repu'diate	commo'dious	inexpe'dient
redu'plicate	acrimo'nious	deri'sively
inappro'priate	delete'rious	occa'sionally
excommu'nicate	inju'rious	translu'cency
cra'nium	melo'dious	unobtru'sive
empo'rium	obse'quious	automo'bilist

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

ā as in fāte	ō as in nōte	e (= k) as in eat
ǎ as in făt	ö as in nőt	ç (= s) as in çeli
ä as in fär	ô as in lôrd	eh (= k) as in echorus
ǧ as in fǧall	ô as in ô bey'	çh (= sh) as in machine
â as in âsk	ô (= ü) as in sôn	dğ (= j) as in badğe
â as in câre	o (= oo) as in dọ	ğ (= g) as in ğet
ât as in sen'âte	û as in tûbe	ğ (= j) as in ğem
a as in fínal	ũ as in tũb	ñ (= ng) as in bañk
ạ (= ố) as in wạs	û as in búrn	ph (= f) as in phantom
ē as in mē	ụ as in rụde	qu (= kw) as in queen
ě as in mět	ұ as in fұл	s as in' so
ẽ as in hẽr	т as in т nite'	ş (= z) as in haş
ê as in ê vent'	ỹ as in cit'ỹ	th as in thin
e as in nov'el	ȳ (= l) as in flȳ	th as in then
ę (= ă) as in they	ōō as in fōōl	wh (= wh) as in what
ê (= â) as in thêre	öō as in böök	x (= gz) as in exampłe
ī as in pīne	ou as in out	-sion = -shŭn
ı as in pın	oi as in oil	-şion = -zhŭn
ı as in ı de'a	ow (= ou) as in how	-tion = -shŭn
ı (= ь) as in fır	oy (= oi) as in boy	-tious = -shŭs

absolutely (ăb'sò lût lý) certainly.

Ahmed (ă'měd).

amble (ăm'bl) to move with an easy swaying motion.

amiable (ă'mı̂ ă bl) friendly.

attention (ă tĕn'shŭn) polite actions.

avail (ă vāl') benefit.

baron (băr'ŭn) a nobleman.

baroness (băr'ŭn ěs) the wife of a baron.

Bellin (běl'ın).

beseech (bě sĕch') to beg, to implore.

Betsinda (bĕt sĭn'da).

bewilder (bě wıl'dĕr) to confuse.

Bulbo (bŭl'bō).

cable (că'bl) a large rope.

ceremony (çĕr'ĕ mō nŷ) a stately show.

chamois (çhăm'ı) a small horned animal living in Switzerland.

chloroform (elō'rō fōrm) a liquid to put one to sleep.

cobble (eōb'l) to make or mend shoes.

compassion (côm păsh'ŭn) pity, sorrow.

compliments (côm'plı̂ mĕnts) best wishes.

composedly (eôm pōs'ēd lý) calmly.
conceive (eôn cēv') to think up.
concoct (eôn cōet') to think up.
confined (eôn find') restricted,
 kept within certain limits.
constable (eôn'stá bl) an officer
 like a policeman.
cotillion (eō tīl'yūn) a brisk dance
 performed by eight persons.
counterpane (eoun'tēr pān) a cover-
 ing for a bed.
courtier (eōrt'yēr) a man of high
 rank, adviser to the king.
court-martial (eōrt-mār'shal) to try
 by a court of army officers.
Creekenpit (erēk'ēn pīt).
Crim Tartary (erīm tār'tar ý).
crocus (erō'eūs) an early spring
 flower.
crucible (erū'cī bl) a pot in which
 metals are melted.
defiantly (dē fī'ānt lý) boldly.
deserter (dē sērt'ēr) one who runs
 away from his post.
dignify (dīg'nī fi) to honor.
disconsolate (dīs eôn'sō lát) sad.
discontent (dīs eôn tēnt') uneasi-
 ness.
disguise (dīs gīg') to conceal in
 some unusual way.
dispatch (dīs pāch') rapidity.
distraction (dīs trāc'shūn) confu-
 sion.
doublet (dūb'lēt) a cloak.

ducat (dūc'āt) a coin made either
 of gold or silver.

ecstasy (ēe'stá sý) joy.
Edinburgh (ēd''n būr ò).
Ermeline (ēr'mē līn).
Ermerick (ēr'mē rīk).
ermine (ēr'mīn) a rich white fur.
exclamation (ēks elā mā'shūn) a
 sharp cry.
experiment (ēks pēr'ī mēnt) to
 make a test or trial.
extinguish (ēks tīn'g'wīsh) to put
 an end to.
extraordinary (ēks trōr'dī nā rý)
 unusual. [wasteful.
extravagant (ēks trāv'a gānt)
exultingly (ēx ūlt'īng lý) with
 high spirits.

fay (fā) a fairy.
fête (fet) a festival.
filbert (fīl'bērt) a kind of nut.

Geppetto (gēp pēt' tō).
Giglio (gīg'li ō).
gorse (gōrs) a thorny bush with
 yellow flowers.
Grimbard (grīm'bārd).
Gruffanuff (grūf'ā nūf).

Hedzoff (hēd'zōf).
hob (hōb) a seat near a fireplace.
humdrum (hūm'drūm) common-
 place.
Hustlero (hūst'lē rō).

- impertinent** (im pēr'ti nĕnt) saucy.
indignation (in dĭg nā'shŭn) anger.
instruction (in strŭe'shŭn) orders, directions.
Isegrim (Is'ĕ grĭm).
Jan (yān).
Kayward (kI'wārd).
knight (nĭt) a gentleman of olden time who fought on horseback.
legend (lēġ'ĕnd) a fable or story.
license (lĭ'ĕns) permission.
loungers (loun'ġĕrs) idle fellows.
Malepardus (māl e pār'dŭs).
malice (māl'ĭĕ) spite.
man of war a large ship armed with cannon.
marquis (mār'kwĭs) a title of nobility.
obstinate (ŏb'stĭ nāt) stubborn.
Padella (pā dĕl'a).
Paflagonia (pāf'la ġō'nĭ a).
Pinocchio (pĭ nŏk'ĭ ō).
precipice (prĕĉ'ĭ pĭĕ) a high cliff, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular.
prevailing (prĕ vāl'ĭng) common.
prodigious (prŏ dĭġ'ŭs) great.
quiver (kwĭv'ĕr) a sort of case to hold arrows.
receipt (rĕ ġĕt') a rule for cooking.
reign (rĕn) to govern.
reprieve (rĕ prĕv') relief from danger.
Reuben (rŏŏ'bĕn).
revel (rĕv'el) a game.
Reynard (rā'nard).
Rico (rĕ'kŏ).
Rosalba (rŏz āl'ba).
rustic (rŭs'tĭe) countrified.
sacrilege (sāe'rĭ lĕġ) violation.
sagacity (sā ġāĉ'ĭ tŷ) wisdom.
Schwartz (shvārts).
secretary (sĕe'rĕ tā rŷ) a clerk.
sensitive (sĕn'sĭ tĭv) whose feelings are easily hurt.
sevenpence (sĕv'n pĕnĉ) the English name for seven pennies.
Sittara (sĭ tā'ra).
Slopecade (slŏp'kād).
slovenly (slŏv'n lŷ) untidy.
sovereign (sŏv'ĕr ĭn) a king.
Stineli (stĕ'nĕ lĕ).
Styria (stĭr'ĭ a).
talon (tāl'ŭn) a claw.
thaler (tāl'ĕr) a silver coin used in Germany.
thunderbolt (thŭn'dĕr bŏlt) stroke of lightning.
thyme (tĭm) a fragrant herb.
Tibert (tĭ'bĕrt).
unsubstantial (ŭn sŭb stān'shal) not amounting to much.
Valoroso (vāl ō rŏ'sŏ).
vehicle (vĕ'ĭ e'l) a wagon.

